

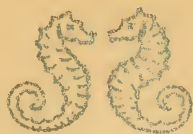
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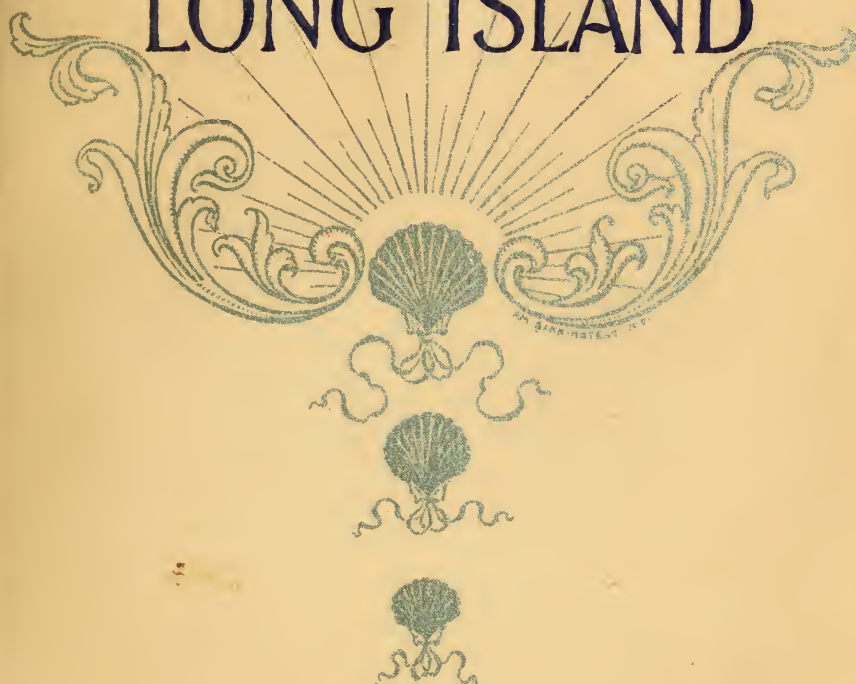
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LONG ISLAND



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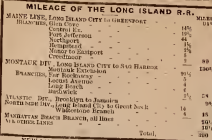






Long Island Railroad.

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SCALE OF MILES

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MAP OF
SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA
AND ISLAND RAILROAD



LONG ISLAND.

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THE BEAUTIES OF

LONG ISLAND

"Island of bliss : amid the subject seas."

ILLUSTRATED



MDCCCLXXXV

Issued by the Traffic Department of the Long Island Railroad.

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SURF AT EASTHAMPTON.

AM. BY J. J. J. J. J.



INTRODUCTION.

LONG ISLAND has at last gained the place in public estimation that it was entitled to hold long ago. We look back now half incredulous at the fatuity that led men and women of our eastern cities to make expensive journeys to remote and uncomfortable places, there to spend the summer. But it was always that way. The prophet, you know, is a long time getting honor in his own country, and the wild flower that grows beside our door-step is crushed under foot as we hasten out to do homage to the exotic that has just come into a forced and sickly bloom in the garden. So, Long Island has been biding its time these many years, but it is finally known and understood. People at last appreciate the beauty, the health, the fertility and the variety of Long Island. Variety? quotha. Yes. We used to think it a sandy waste dotted with scrub oaks and mosquitoes, because people who have never been there used to tell us that was the kind of a place it was. Now, as a matter of fact, there is no equal surface of land east of the Mississippi that offers so much variety. Depend upon it, whatever your tastes may be, you will find a way to satisfy them within a few hours' ride of America's center of population. There are beaches and surf on the south side, bluffs and quiet water on the north, forests and lakes in the middle, wild moorland breaking precipitously down into the Atlantic surges at the east; you are reminded of the western prairies about Garden City, and of the idyllic farming country of Connecticut on the north shore. Are your preferences social? The society of the new villages of summer homes and club houses is brilliant, resourceful and hospitable. Are you a hunter? Here are ducks and deer a

plenty. Fisherman? This is your place for bluefish, bass, yes, and occasional whales, not forgetting oysters, clams and trout. Do you walk, ride or push a bicycle? These long, straight roads will be a surprise and a delight to you. Are you an artist? Try the Hamptons and the Shinnecock Hills. Do you come as a settler? Here are broad acres waiting tillage, here are lots in as pretty a cluster of parks as you will find in the country, and if you do business in town, here is frequent and reliable train service. Is it as a boarder that you come? Very well, we can

put you up in anything to your liking, be it \$4 a week farm houses or \$5 a day hotels with every comfort and luxury known in the modern

and difficult art of running a hostelry. You can, in brief, find whatever you want on Long Island; and if you want a great many things at once, there is no corner on earth where you are so likely to get them.

The Island has a decided advantage in its climate, for this is a part of the coast where it does not hold true that "there is plenty of weather but no climate." It juts out from the main land for one hundred and twenty miles into a sea that is qualified, yet not heated, by the Gulf Stream. The water is mild but bracing in summer, and in winter the temperature is materially affected by breezes from the warm current flowing northward along the edge of the submerged shelf of the continent. The man who has never spent any time in the hotels or cottages of the south shore hears with surprise, if not with downright incredulity, of the cool nights there when people sleep under blankets, while folks in town are tossing upon uncovered beds, making sultry remarks about the weather, and hearing only the jingle of cars and rattle of wagons and other street noises instead of the rhythmic lullaby of the breakers. But thermometers and scientific sharps are true recorders of the facts, and they tell us that sultry, airless nights in August are practically unknown at these beaches after one goes far enough out to get the full benefit of the ocean winds, while the fancy temperatures of town are unattempted here. Occasionally in the day the mercury will run pretty well up in the tube, as it does inside of the Arctic circle, but the set of sun almost invariably causes a drop, and night brings sleep and rest. During the summer hundreds of New Yorkers take cottages or



engage rooms at these beaches and get through the warm season in comfort, going to business every day ; and it is characteristic of people who have fallen into this delightful habit that they prolong their stay when practicable, until the last horn blows. The charms of the island grow upon them year by year.

As every one knows, who has glanced at the map, Long Island is, in shape, like a fish with its head toward New York, ready to take in the superfluous population of that overcrowded town, its tail wagging out in the ocean, its long flukes enclosing the lovely sheet of water known as Peconic Bay. The south shore is low and level all the way from Brooklyn to the Shinnecock Hills, while the north shore is an almost continuous ridge from end to end of the island. The hill district is largely held by wealthy men who have laid it off into estates of generous proportions, while the south side contains many populous villages and watering places. The center is a farming belt. It looks sandy and the soil in fact is light, but it is rich all the same, and it is a fact that no such crops are raised anywhere else in the State as are cultivated in parts of Long Island. It is especially adapted in soil and

climate to the raising of potatoes, corn, cabbage, onions and cauliflower. The orchards are not many as yet, but the success that has attended the implanting of them justifies further expenditure and experiment in this direction. Small fruits are grown at a profit and the strawberry yield is especially large. As a proof of the value of the land it may be mentioned that one man in the town of Orient, away out on the northern fluke, a narrow belt between the Sound and Peconic Bay, has for years made a wide reputation as a model farmer, on forty-five acres of land. He employs over twenty men and raises practically everything that can be raised in a temperate climate. Of course in such places as this, skill counts for a good deal, and system and industry are factors in success, but it is not to be overlooked that soil and climate are prime elements in the prosperity.

Not so many of the population fish for a living as they did half a century ago. The reason is that more people come here to fish for fun. The whales are nearly all gone, and gas, electricity and kerosene have made the smoky whale oil effete anyway. Trout are raised in ponds belonging to clubs and



Sea Beach
South Shore

enthusiasts. Off the coast menhaden are caught by the ton, but this has become a common-place industry. As to the oyster, scallop and clam fisheries they remain extensive and important. If there breathes "a man with soul so dead," or stomach so rebellious and dyspeptic that he does not experience a thrill at the mention of Little Neck clams and Blue Point oysters, some good island missionary should take that man in hand and discover for him what delicious bivalves really are.



Beside the farming country in the center of the island there are immense tracts covered with pine and other evergreen trees, which have recently attracted the attention of physicians and sani-

tarians. It is noticed that in these forest districts the average of health is high and the average death rate is low. Some surprising instances of longevity have been reported hereabout. Persons with weak lungs were noticeably benefited by residence here, where they took in deep breaths of ozone and balsam with every mouthful of air.

In these woods, too, the hunter will occasionally find a deer, and in the fall of 1894 more of these animals were shot on Long Island than in probably any equal expanse of the Maine woods. Indeed, the slaughter was so great it was felt that the law should exercise a sterner supervision, lest these animals should be exterminated altogether. But while there are deer and a fox or two, there are few troublesome animals, and the rattlesnake, which was once found among the unfrequented hills, seems to have made up his slow mind that he had struck the wrong part of the country. It is about ten years since he arrived at this conclusion, and he has held to it so faithfully that not a shake of his tail has been heard on Long Island since. When it comes to birds there is no end to them. The woods echo with their songs, they nest in old fruit trees about the farm houses, and are the best friends the farmer has in their destruction of the insects that prey on his crop. But aside from these domesticated birds that everybody ought to encourage, or at least to let alone, there are game birds in scores of thousands, and the pop of the shot gun is lively along the meadows when the killing season is on.

It is to two causes that Long Island owes its present

popularity more than to any other immediate ones: to the artists and the railroad. When the new school of painters, wearying of the bombastic, manufactured and labored methods of the old Academicians sought "fresh woods and pastures new," a few of them found the scenic and architectural conditions that had been their especial delight in Europe. They began to paint this scenery, with its simple foregrounds, its Dutch windmills, its clapboarded houses, its old burial grounds, its broad, green plains and pastures, its groves, its bluffs, its splendid surf, its brilliant beaches, its quiet lakes, its busy fishing stations, its fertile farms, its feeding herds and flocks, and these pictures getting into the exhibitions, and being reproduced in the magazines and illustrated papers made talk, and induced others to go and inquire what manner of country this might be of which the painters had made such favorable report. The people of taste who made these examinations substantiated the records of the pictures, and other delights that the artists had not been able to put into their canvasses—the delights of fine air, good living, fine boating, bathing and sport, persuaded them that this was an ideal region to open up and settle in.



Long Island is known to be unrivalled in many of those respects that invite settlement and encourage investment. New York owes more to it than the formerly important matters of Long Island cauliflower and Long Island eggs. Its citizens owe to this island much of health, much of pleasure, much of profit. In it and on it there are inducements to every class of people, from the busy husbandman to the unoccupied idler whose time is all taken up with thinking how to kill it. To this land of health and beauty its people say, Welcome!





HOW TO REACH LONG ISLAND.

The western terminal stations of the Long Island Railroad are in Long Island City, in the part of Brooklyn known as Bushwick and in the business part of Brooklyn, on Flatbush Avenue. The first is reached by ferry from James Slip, foot of New Chambers Street, from foot of 34th Street, East River and, when the tide of summer travel sets in, by annex from near the foot of Wall Street. The Flatbush Avenue Station is easily reached by several lines of trolley cars that leave the Bridge and Fulton and South Ferries, and by trains on the Fifth Avenue branch of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad. The Bushwick Depot is intended for the accommodation of people who live in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, and is accessible by surface lines starting from the Broadway Ferries. At the Long Island City Station, which has recently been built, the waiting-room is of unusual size and the facilities for entrance and exit are unrivalled. The offices of the road are here. The Flatbush Avenue Station is an airy, well-lighted, clean, attractive looking place, and not far from it are extensive yards and markets where the agricultural supplies of the Island are in part handled and sold. Brooklyn trains stop at the Bedford and East New York Stations. Needless to add that the telegraph service, that of the Long Island News Company, and the mail and express facilities all along the line are complete and reliable.

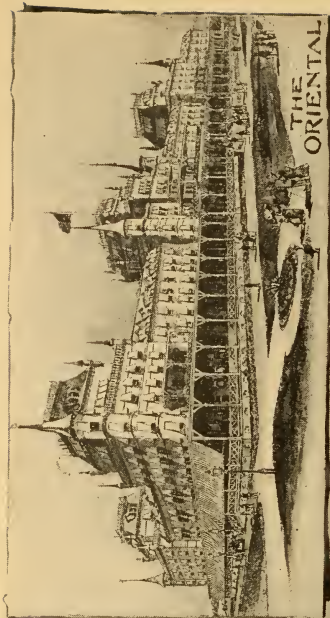


SHORE RESORTS NEAR TOWN.



THE big cities of New York and Brooklyn were unaccountably slow in coming to a realizing sense of the advantages they had in the beaches right at their doors.

The people, when they wanted to see the Atlantic Ocean, went to Newport or Cape Cod or Nantucket or Long Branch. But one morning one man awoke to the fact that within a few minutes' ride of New York was one of the finest beaches in the world, the beginning of a chain of beaches where the sand was fine and hard, the surf just right, the water mild, the slope gradual, and the Manhattan Beach Hotel soon testified to the fact of his faith in the future of this beach. The Manhattan Beach Hotel is a large, imposing looking structure, facing full to the sea, and the music of the surf is in the ears of the guests as they sit at their windows looking out across the immense blue plain to the cloudy heights of Jersey, or as they loiter on the spacious and well shaded verandas listening perchance to echoes of the band from the music pavilion. A companion hotel, named the Oriental, because of certain architectural traits, was afterward erected at a little distance eastward. The latter is designed more for those who value strict quiet and who perhaps have brought their families to the water side for a fortnight or a season. Probably no hotel in the country is so largely patronized by representative people as the Oriental. There is hardly a day during the season but what the hotel register bears the name of many distinguished guests. Both hotels have broad lawns before them with beds of flowers and ornamental plants, and there are wide promenades with benches that never lack occupants in pleasant weather. Everything is done here to make the visitor happy whether his stay is that of a summer or that of an hour. The cuisine of the Manhattan is celebrated; that of the Oriental is equally so. There is a large bathing pavilion which is a lively place at any state of the tide. Life lines are set, inclosing ample space, and there are boats and boatmen for the rescue of those who have ventured farther than they intended to; although occasions for the services of these prompt and stalwart



MANHATTAN BEACH.

young men are very infrequent, for the beach is not affected by the reckless class. The children have tents and shelters close at hand where they can make sand pies and forts and paddle barefoot at the edge of the water. There are also large buildings where parties and picnickers can assemble, and where shows are provided in summer. The most brilliant and effective of the shows in summer are the fire dramas that occur in the big inclosure at the rear of the Manhattan Hotel. Here, on a monster stage, with an artificial lake in front and vast walls of scenery rising above and behind it, are enacted spectacular pieces in which the actors are numbered by hundreds, instead of half dozens, and which are made especially brilliant with marches, dances, games and ceremonies. Usually the close of the piece illustrates the fall of a city under siege, or the eruption of a volcano with tremendous effect, or a naval battle, or the carrying of a line of fortifications. The scene at such times is exciting. Crowds of actors fly from place to place seeking refuge from the missiles that are supposed to be hurtling about; regiments of soldiers march and run hither and thither; there are sorties of cavalry; heavy detonations shake the air; bombs whirl toward the sky, but instead of carrying destruction they burst into constellations of red, blue, green and gold, and bring out loud "Ahs!" of admiration from the crowd. The affair ends with a flight of bombs and rockets and an exhibition of set pieces that lighten the night for miles around and make the heavens dazzling with colored fires. The subject of Mr. Pain's firework drama this summer will be taken from incidents in the late war between China and Japan, introducing Japanese village life and a naval conflict with great effects of realism.

It goes without saying that Sousa's peerless Concert Band—the famous March King, John Philip Sousa, Conductor—will be as usual the crowning musical attraction of the Beach. The question is often and naturally asked: What are the causes of the unprecedented success of Sousa and his peerless Concert Band? They are easily discerned, and consist of many contributing aids. Among these are the great leader's thorough musicianship, and his uncommon executive ability; his complete mastery over an organization of musicians consisting of the flower of their calling; his striking elegance and grace as a conductor; his tact and felicity in ministering to the tastes of all classes of people, thus sending every listener homeward convinced that he has heard just what he liked best incomparably

played; his genius as a composer, and the dissemination among the people of millions of copies of his marches, which are played by bands and orchestras, on pianos, guitars, mandolins, banjos and hand-organs, whistled by street gamins, danced and pranced, hummed and sung by high and low throughout the world; each of these myriads of copies of music being white-winged and music-attuned advanced couriers of the coming of their gifted author, whose inimitable interpretation of his own inspiring music by his peerless band, naturally everybody desires to hear and see—this desire creating a demand for his band which compels it to play (including matinees) over five hundred concerts per year throughout the country—(the band during the past year having included in its tours every great city between California and Maine)—this continuous daily and yearly concert-giving compelling constant rehearsal and drill, resulting in a perfection only thus attainable. These are among the obvious causes why this one and only purely concert band is meeting with such unprecedented success, and why its houses are packed whenever and wherever it appears by delighted and applauding crowds, which compel the obliging leader to double his programmes through their enthusiasm, and cause his hearers to leave his concerts regretting only that their pleasure could not have been still further prolonged.

In addition to the band concerts in the amphitheater, visitors will be entertained with a seasonable diversion, which is an entirely new feature at the beach. Edward E. Rice's buoyant burlesquers, to the number of seventy, will present Barnet and Pflueger's mirthful and fantastic historical extravaganza "1492," with all the gayety and glitter that characterized it during the great New York run of four hundred and fifty-two consecutive performances. It has been brought right up to date, and will be an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of song, jest and whimsicality, playfully satirizing every passing event and topic of the times. Among the well known and popular entertainers in Mr. Rice's company are Walter Jones, in his humorous portrayals of the bankrupt Spanish King and the affluent tramp of Madison Square, and Mr. Mark Smith, who has achieved great success the past season by his unique creation of Isabella, the daisy Queen of Spain. Mr. Charles Bigelow, late leading comedian in another of Mr. Rice's companies, will be the royal treasurer, and Mr. W. H. Sloan has been secured for his original roles of the turbulent small boy

and the amiable policeman. Miss Yolande Wallace, a charming singer, will be the Infanta Joanna, and there will be a very large chorus and ballet, with splendor of costume and scenic embellishment.

The recent strong interest in bicycle riding, which is shared by rich and poor alike, and greatly encouraged by the fine condition of Long Island's roads, has induced the management to build a bicycle track, a third of a mile around, in the rear of the hotel, exclusively for the steel and rubber steeds. It will be laid with cement and supplied with a grand stand that will doubtless present a brilliant sight on days when crack runners are in the ring.

Still another matter of interest at Manhattan Beach this year is the Circus Carnival that will occupy the large and well-lighted building in which Hagenbeck's trained animals were exhibited last summer. The small boy and the small boy's father will be found there in constant attendance, no doubt, and the remarks of the clown and the bare-back riding of the experts will arouse the same laughter and enthusiasm as of yore.

Eastward from the hotels the Island runs out into a long sand spit.

Racing is another of the attractions of this neighborhood, and the track of the Coney Island Jockey Club in Sheepshead Bay—a pleasant village behind the beach—is one of the best managed and most popular in the country. It is one of the tracks that is patronized by society and not a shade of suspicion attaches to any of its workings. The track grounds are complete, and are surrounded by a delightful forest, while cool breaths from the sea, only a mile away, temper the heats of summer. On the day when the Suburban Stakes are run the scene is one of extraordinary brilliancy and excitement. The same may be said of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, located at Gravesend, an organization of recent date, but one that has the entire confidence of the racing public. The races for the Handicap Stakes are the best known events at this track.

Rockaway Beach, a long peninsula, is a continuation of the sandy keys that line the whole south shore of Long Island. Formerly it was exclusively the people's resort, and enjoyed some of the prestige that has since been diverted to West Brighton. It is, however, as popular to-day as it ever was, and was never more largely patronized. One finds in operation the concert halls, dancing pavilions, chowder booths,

peep shows and merry-go-rounds that made the multitude happy three decades ago. The attempt to make the place yet more popular by providing the largest hotel in the world was a failure, for the owners of the hotel quarreled and it was never opened. As soon as it was torn down the land on which it stood and much of the adjacent property passed into the hands of a park company, and on the villa sites that were then staked off a great many desirable homes and summer cottages have been erected, and the character of the beach, except in the limited area alluded to, has radically changed. It is no longer a place of noise and hurrah, but a quiet and healthful



Arverne Beach
Looking East

HOTEL ARVERNE.

spot, with a fine outlook across the lower bay, clean bathing in an invigorating surf, and pleasant lawns and gardens. Experts in old Indian nomenclature say that Rockaway is short for Rekanawohaha, which signifies "our place of laughing waters;" yet the waters as often chime and roll and thunder as they laugh. It was at Rockaway that John Henry Sharpe wrote the poem that has been so oft quoted, beginning

On old Long Island's sea girt shore
Many an hour I've whiled away,

as though, being an island, this particular one would not naturally be sea girt. East of the part of the sand key that still carries the name of Rockaway Beach, is Arverne, a new and delightful settlement which enjoys a cool, equable summer temperature and has lately assumed important proportions. It has a superb hotel with room for four hundred guests and a twenty-foot piazza extending around it. Every room commands a view of the sea so that one great geometrical difficulty has been solved to the admiration of all other hotel builders and keepers, and the consternation of the Great

American Kicker, who finds the occasion removed for the exercise of his constitutional and valued prerogative. Arverne is close to the water, but extends back to the breadth of the key and has been laid off into ample lots by broad streets and avenues on which shade trees are growing and which are already enlivened on summer afternoons by gay turnouts and by merry throngs of boarders and cottagers. Games for open air are everybody's employment, and bathing is facilitated by the erection of many bathing houses, public and private. Arverne has enjoyed a rapid growth within the last year or two, and it is one of the most attractive shore resorts on the coast.

Ocean Park and Nameoke, lying between Arverne and Rockaway Beach, are promising places. Indeed, it is a matter of not many years when the entire key will be covered with cottages, and a social life as brilliant as that of Bar Harbor and Newport will be inaugurated. This would have been the case long ago, had not New Yorkers taken the too common notion into their heads that nothing could be of much value if it was so near home. Continuing eastward from Arverne we come to Edgemere where a superb new hotel, the Edgemere, has been erected during the past winter and spring. It is the latest addition to our summer resorts, is high class in all respects, and stands at a distance of only four hundred feet from the sea; it will accommodate four hundred guests in comfort. This new resort is one of the most charming on the coast.



THE EDMERE.

Wave Crest is another division of the Beach. It occupies a rise of ground that not only enables the settler or the visitor to enjoy a wider view than they get who see the ocean from its own level, but even a slight rise will sometimes suffice

to secure fresher air on a calm or sultry day. The people who live at Wave Crest are well-to-do, and although the settlement is only about fifteen years old the neighbors accuse them of being just a little set up because of their age and social priority. The land all about the settlement has been



WAVE CREST.

parked with winding walks, shell roads, lawns, flowers and ponds, and is a little paradise.

Bayswater is another division and very popular section. A more attractive spot on the coast can hardly be found.

Far Rockaway is one of the older towns, and it really has quite a communal life and importance. It was a famous



LAWRENCE.

watering place a generation ago, but lapsed into dull ways and was nearly forgotten after the Marine Hotel, which was the center of its life, had been burned. Recently it has recovered its old prestige. In the season there are few livelier



THE HOUNDS AT CEDARHURST.

places. It is a place of shops and hotels and restaurants; it has schools and churches of various creeds, there is a court house, and the government of the place appears to be efficient. Withal there are few or no "frills," and one may go about here in a flannel shirt if he likes, whereas at Wave Crest, if he gets through the guarded gates of that exclusive settlement the flannel must be mixed with silk, and nobody will complain if he wears patent leathers.



CEDARHURST.

Lawrence adjoins Far Rockaway, and has from the first appealed to a very desirable class of people who have lavished their own means without stint to make not only their own houses and grounds, but the whole village, beautiful. Certain fine old trees that formerly stood alone in pastures are now the ornaments of lawns, and where formerly there were rough and unkempt fields the land is all abloom with the rose, the lily and rare exotics. Indeed, the impression on first alighting

from the train is that of having arrived at some of those winter resorts in the far south,

where palms and magnolias wave in breezes that are faint with the odor of orange blossoms.

The people of Lawrence are properly proud of their gardens and schools, and they meet in their

club house—oh, yes, they have a club here, along with the other modern improvements—and tell each other many nice things that they

are justified in thinking about themselves. Fine, hard roads lead over the thick neck of land that holds Rockaway to the rest of Long Island, and enable the people to communicate with Cedarhurst hardly less delightful, though more distant from the sea, and with Woodsburch and Fenhurst, though these points are also accessible by rail.

Cedarhurst is the seat of the Rockaway Hunting Club which has a spacious building here. It may be incidentally mentioned for the enlightenment of those who have heard much of Oakhurst, Pinehurst, Willowhurst and the like, that *hurst* means wood or grove. It is used instead of *grove*, because it is English. Cedarhurst is a place for private residence exclusively, and the word exclusively has its full implication here. It has its nucleus in a park of four hundred acres, with ten or a dozen miles of road and path winding through it, and the restrictions against things that would interfere with the privacy or pleasure of the inhabitants are rigid. The people of Cedarhurst are mostly of the leisure class, but they work very hard with horses and at games. In spite of its distance from the shore it is said that the village enjoys a summer temperature perceptibly cooler than that of the cities almost within sight of



it, and the same modifying cause, the sea, insures a winter average at least six degrees higher than that of the same cities. The groves of cedar, pine, oak, maple and other trees that environ and impinge upon the property add to its health, its shade and its beauty. In addition to the fitments of the club house, which include a restaurant, post-office and games, there are, belonging to the community a gymnasium, stables, kennels, game preserves, polo grounds and tennis courts. The hunts and runs of the club are showy and much talked about, and the village is as lively as the town on the days of the meets. Working on toward the southern branch of the railroad we pass through Woodsburgh, named after a rich Brooklynite, Samuel Wood, whose wise and generous intentions with regard to his money and his land were for a long time nullified by contestants of his will. The result of the legal troubles was to set the district back at a standstill and to destroy the charities and



TO THE HUNT.

benefits that Mr. Wood had devised. The large hotel was closed and a forlorn air pervaded the place. But recently the troubles have been settled and clear titles are given to all purchasers of lots. The result has been made apparent in a quick growth and in the erection of some delightful villas here. Some of them stand on Boulevard Avenue, which is a hundred feet wide and

shaded with the spreading branches of maples and other trees. A little to the northward of Woodsburgh is Fenhurst, a promising village in surroundings of pleasant scenery and rich gardens.

Long Beach is separated by the irregular waters of Hempstead Bay from the main island, but this, too, being shallow, has been bridged by the railroad, and one is landed directly in the rear of the immense hotel and of the cottages that extend for some distance beyond it as annexes. During last summer the hotel was a sort of headquarters for an Association on the Chautauqua plan, and many conventions and meetings were held here. The cottagers are, however, the main stay of the beach, and those who have once summered here are the most eager to go again. The beach is clean and hard and has so slight a slope that one may venture out a considerable distance without losing footing. When a big storm is raging the spectacle is here to be viewed at its grandest. Fine boating and fishing are of course obtainable both in lively water and in the quiet bay.

The plains, meadows, beaches and great hotels of the south side attract a large number of people. The bathing, boating, yachting, hunting and fishing are unsurpassed, and the excellent train service gives ready access to these points of interest from the cities. The porous soil insures freedom from malaria, and there is diversity of scenery in spite of the general flatness, because the woods form backgrounds and the northern hills peep into sight ever and anon. Antiquarians will be delighted at the quaint old houses and inns that abound among the villages, and many a housewife who visits this region alights upon treasures in the way of old china, tall clocks, brass andirons and the like that money can hardly win away from her, if she has the good fortune to get hold of them. The roads are generally firm and broad and shaded with venerable maples and oaks. Although everything through the farming belt is as rustic as could be wished, there is none of the rustiness and drowsiness so common to the remoter country. The expenditure of money through the summer has been a good thing for the villages: they are better built, better kept, have better hotels, better shops and better schools than of yore, and are in all ways more suited for a summer sojourn. Not only on the south side, but in all directions the bicyclists can be assured of good roads and excellent accommodations at moderate rates at nearly every stopping place.

In going over the southern line of the Long Island road the main track is left just beyond Jamaica and the train turns somewhat to the southward across broad and fertile farm lands. The first stop is made at Springfield. This, like all the other villages of the island, has awakened from its torpor and has taken on modern manners and appearances. It resembles the parks along the main line, and in fact, for six or eight miles one passes through a regular chain of parks, mostly lacking development as yet but, if well begun is half done no fault need be found with them. Restrictions have been laid against nuisances and offences of all kinds, as it is proper that they should be, and the people are so well satisfied with their little town that they have just spent several thousand dollars in putting up a new school house for it. There are pure springs here, and that is how it came by its name. One of the springs has been amplified into a sparkling lakelet.

Rosedale—pretty name—is a new place that is in process of development. The place has schools and other advantages, not to mention its thick woods, its extensive views, its good drainage and its generous soil. A little farther we reach



ON THE BAY.

Valley Stream, the junction for the Far Rockaway Branch, with its colonial house or two, its modern shops and churches, its pleasant fields and groves, and its confidence in its own future. Although some of the trains go to Far Rockaway by way of Valley Stream, there is a direct line that carries the traveler from Woodhaven Junction across the shallow waters and marshes of Jamaica Bay. One may go by one line and return by the other, making a round trip that is interesting and enjoyable. There is a particular exhilaration in the ride on the long

bridge across the bay. One seems to be sailing rather than running on rails. The water spreads out blue and bright on either side, but landlocked and still, and marshy islands tuft its surface. Along the shore are the huts of bay men who fish or rake clams and oysters or take hunters out a-gunning or fishermen out a-trolling. Boats dot the quiet lagoons, and quaint little settlements on piles, where one may wet his whistle or buy bait, recall the pictures of the early lake dwellers. There are several clear brooks, and throughout this section the notice of the journeyer will be drawn to the little lakes, each with a margin of clear sand or pebbles and a pumping station at hand. These are fresh additions to Brooklyn's water supply. The man with a wallet full of names has been going through this country and putting some of them on the places that used to be called after cross roads, shopkeepers, or North, South, East or West Smithville, and the like. There is Pearsall's for example. They call it Lynbrook now, and it sounds better. It is not unlike Valley Stream in appearance, but there is more of it; and its hotels, restaurants, shops, offices, chapels, schools, nurseries and industries entitle it to some more distinctive name than Pearsall's. It is the junction for Long Beach. To the south, on the railroad to Long Beach, is East Rockaway, attractive for its boating and fishing. Rockville Center is yet larger and more town like. Its industries and local commerce are considerable, its educational institutions grade up to a high school, which has a fine house of brick, and it is well supplied with churches. Though there are small hotels there are not many boarders. It is a place of homes, and probably if boarders were to go there they would fret because they were not far enough away from home to think they were having a good time. There is an average amount of human nature in boarders. The ground has a little roll as we go on, but it isn't enough to make anyone seasick. Lakes and reservoirs twinkle up out of the woods and fields like blue eyes whose lashes are trees and flowers. Then we see laborers cutting out new streets, and that means that we have got to Millburn which was Baldwin's once, but never will be again. The slender white spire of the village church looks across fields of green velvet, but clustered about it are shops and schools. Indications of growth are noted on every side.

Freeport, a bright, happy, refined looking place, one of

those rare spots of earth that do not seem to include any conspicuous examples of poverty. It looks as if everyone owned his house and enjoyed living here, and maybe one reason why he does is that the oysters they gather just off here in the Great South Bay are ranked as the very princes of their species. The shops are large and well stocked, the schools and churches and societies are marks of pride, and when you throw in a dry bracing climate with ponds and brooks and shaded lanes, what more does one want? There are two large parks in this village with many handsome cottages in them and easy access to the bay has recently been made by means of an artificial water way.



AT FREEPORT.

Leaving Freeport with some regrets the woods thicken and shut out the view for a time, though the cuttings that are made for Brooklyn's water pipes open vistas among the trees. Then we rather suddenly find ourselves among the red and yellow houses of Merrick, which are forerunners of others that will presently give a new character to the village. A model farm, a dairy and trout preserves are among Merrick's objects of interest, but the greatest of these is the camp meeting that is held here in the summer. The camp grounds are extensive, and during the season they are populous and are resonant with prayers, exhortations and hymns.

Bellmore, sparsely inhabited, but wide and sunny, has a creek heading hereabout that vessels of fair draft can enter, and there is fishing in both salt and fresh water. The scent of bay and wild roses is in the air, and in the conservatories are cultivated flowers as well. Ridgewood, which was not much of a ridge and had no more wood than a number of adjacent villages, has received the Indian name of Wantagh, which sounds better, even if you don't know what it means. It has within a few seasons gained a shop or two, neat cottages with contiguous lawns, a school, a green-house, some lumbering interests and two or three villas of pretension.

South Oyster Bay was another of those unfortunate names of a past generation that fortunately did not stick, because there is an Oyster Bay that is not south and that is away over on the other side of the Island. Now it is on the map as Massapequa, a name that can be rolled under the tongue and has sonority in it. It is divided between wood and farm, with a hint of marine associations, too. We get a sniff of sea air when the wind is southerly and can see the dunes across the meadows. Churches, schools, villas, a handsome new brick station and, chiefly, a fine new hotel whose guests have ready access to salt water by means of the creek that runs back into the land to within a few rods of the hostelry, are among late improvements.

Amityville is a place of about three thousand people—a town of a good deal of drive and go-ahead. It is partly surrounded by second growth forest with a purple line of hills away over in the north lined against the horizon and the bay close at hand on the south. Of the four or five good hotels the New Point is the newest and largest. It is lighted by gas and electricity, and commands a water view from every side. The principal religious denominations are represented here and have their chapels and churches. Factories and shops have also been established in such numbers that the country character of Amityville is fast disappearing. On the north of the tracks may be seen the large buildings of a private asylum. A convent is also conspicuous in the place. The improvements in recent years have been the means of attracting many visitors to this enterprising place.

When Lindenhurst was younger it was Breslau. It was settled by German mechanics who had been drawn here by the establishment of factories and who received homes and lots on advantageous terms. Hence it is but natural they should have named it after one of their own cities. Miles to the north the backbone of Long Island shows in a long line of dark color, while one has but to face in the other direction to see the gleam of the Atlantic, with white sails dotting the bay that is shut in from it by the sandy key and the pennon of smoke afar that denotes where some big steamer is plowing the deep on her way to the old world.

And then we come to Babylon. Some of the trains for the south side do not pass through the villages just enumerated, but run through the central section and Garden City. The color of

strong yellow-green seen on a clear afternoon as one looks eastward along this central branch is glorious. Where the pines thin down it is noticed that oaks spring in their places. Thoreau, whose sharp eye took in many things so common that nobody else saw them, has written on this natural adjustment of rotation in forest crops, and has named the squirrels and other wild animals as the seed sowers that bring it about.

Babylon does not vividly suggest its ancient namesake. It lacks the roar and multitude, it has no bronze gates, its gardens do not hang, though it has a good many on the ground that are worth seeing ; still, it is big enough to talk of its north

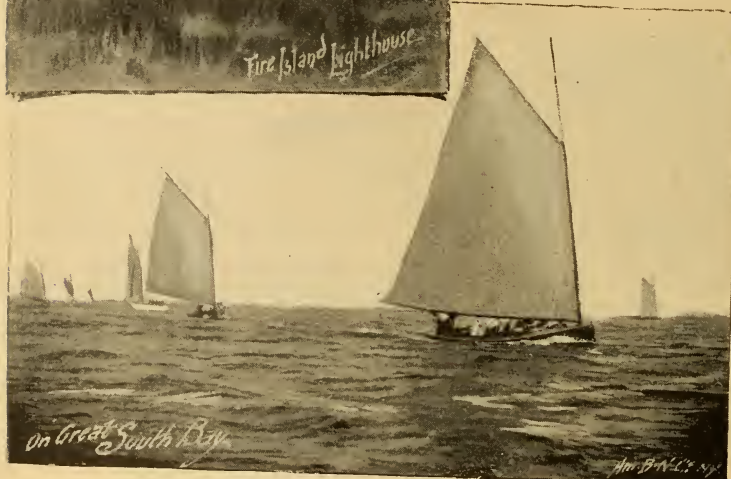


THE ARGYLE HOTEL.

side and to brag of its fine hotels, its especially fine hotel, The Argyle, with its ornamental grounds and waters, its gas and electric lights, its eminent citizens, its village greens, its lake and its old mill, its churches and well appointed shops, its clubs and game preserves, its cool breezes and pretty streams that flow into the sea near this point after a brief career among the woods to the north. The vicinity has been compared with Newport and Nantucket and even with Florida, but comparisons are odious if they are introduced to throw discredit on its own attractions, for which it is able to stand up sturdily. Outwardly it resembles one of the old established towns of Massachusetts more than anything else, but there is not about it the coldness and formality, the lingering restraints of puritanism,



that are complained of in those towns. No place on the island has more attractive homes, and a walk along the old post road, as it is still occasionally called, will be a revelation of wealth and taste. The West-



minster Kennel Club brings to this region many people of social and sporting proclivities, and the display of fashion is worth looking at, while at the same time it has little or none of the snobbery and disdain that are peculiar to a limited aristocracy in New York, and that are apt to be carried into the favorite summer haunts of those people. At this point one can reach by steamer Oak Island Beach, a promising new settlement with its summer school. Near Oak Island are the headquarters of the





WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

Wawayanda and the Short Beach Clubs and Jessie Smith's famous "Armory."

Babylon is the place of departure for the popular resort known as Fire Island—a curious, long sand spit that extends from east to west for the better part of forty miles off the coast, and that is at no part of its length over a mile wide. A few years ago it was purchased by the State of New York. At this place is the look-out from which incoming steamers are sighted, and the fact of their appearance telegraphed to their offices in New York and to the press. The hotel there has been in years past one of the best known and best kept on the coast, and its fish dinners have been famous. You can stare up at the immensely tall light house with its electric beacon of 23,000,000 candle power, the most powerful light in the country, and wonder how many miles it can be seen at sea and how many thousands of ships it has warned into safe channels. The bathing is fine, as it is everywhere along the south keys. A few miles east of Fire Island Hotel is the new settlement of Point o' Woods, which has recently come into prominence on account of its religious and educational gatherings. It has become known as the Long Island Chautauqua Assembly. Cottages and hotels have been erected and plans made for building improvements on a large scale. The location is delightful, and access is had by steamer from Bay Shore and Sayville.

Once more the conductor cries "All aboard!" We resume our seats in the train and make a quick passage through a jungle where no doubt the bear and wolf lurked not so many

years ago, and where nobody would be surprised to see a deer or a fox to-day. Then we emerge into a dry, healthy woodland with a sandy soil, in which we suddenly discover

Bay Shore with its large hotel and several smaller ones, its churches where the good can find nearly any religion to their liking, its modern schools, its brick and stone shops, its parked grounds, its nurseries, and its ample roadways. Bay Shore has been rapidly losing its ephemeral character and exchanging it for stability. Land is not given away here, but it is not so expensive either that one can not afford to keep some of it about his premises. Its houses



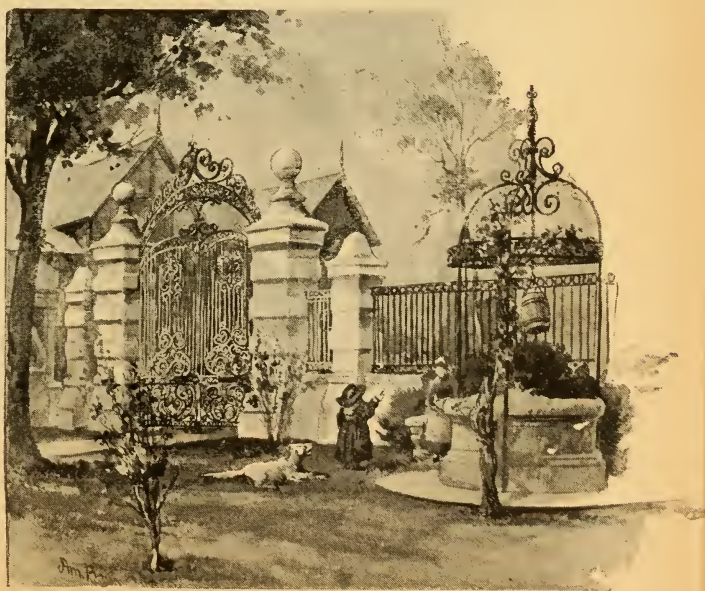
THE SOUTH SIDE CLUB.

are hospitably schemed, with broad verandas, and spacious lawns. Some of the finest residences on the Island are to be found in this vicinity. Bay Shore is a deservedly popular place, and has in recent years grown with great rapidity. No finer drives can be had anywhere along the south shore. The roads are well made and are kept free from dust. The Olympic Club has an attractive place here, the Bay Shore Driving Park Association has large grounds, and indeed the country clubs are beginning to appropriate quite a little of Long Island. There is no part of the land where such a variety of delights is provided with such access to the city.

Islip is much like Bay Shore, with pure country air and cool breezes always obtainable. There is a large and wealthy

summer population. Here we can take up our abodes in Stillinworth's famous Lake House or in other well kept hotels. If one wants to find out what can be done with an acre or so of ground in this vicinity, with occasional access to the water with a fishing line or an oyster fork he is recommended to read a little book from the pen of a sojourner on the Great South Bay, styled "Liberty and a Living." It is a book that ought to be put into the hands of the million poor of New York as a tract.

An extensive forest of pine and young oak, with lakes dotted through it in silver shields, threaded by fine, dry roads that invite to wheeling no less than to walking and driving—and wheeling is a recreation for good roads only—brings the resort of Lakewood to mind. It is every bit as good as Lakewood, and to live hereabout imposes no restraints as to dress and deportment. Some of this wood has been bought by one of the Vanderbilts; but a great deal of it is embraced in what is still called the Nicoll patent, and was granted two centuries ago to the ancestor of the present owner, who had been instrumental in the seizure of New York by the English, after it had been settled by the Dutch. These lands have greatly increased in value within a few years, like all land on the island. Occasional openings in the wood disclose a dry soil, so that there is no malaria, while there is a sufficient covering of vegetable mould to insure a strong and ready growth, either of trees or of agricultural crops. Oakdale occurs in this wooded section, and it is known as the place where W. K. Vanderbilt has one of his summer residences. Mr. Vanderbilt's stables here are believed to be the finest in this country, naturally, therefore, the finest in the world. Near here we find the South Side Sportsman's Club in handsome quarters, with its



famous trout preserves and spacious hunting grounds. St. John's church in this place is one hundred and thirty years old.

At Sayville many cottages are offered for rent during the summer. It is a cheery, roomy village, with winding roads lately



NEAR SAYVILLE.

improved, a large hotel, several minor hostleries and boarding houses. The houses look like homes, and they are homes—they have come to stay. Much of the adjacent wood is placed under restriction by its owners; trespassing is forbidden, and fires are especially guarded against. Among the trout ponds that begin to be numerous as we ride eastward is one attached to the home and farm of Mr. R. B. Roosevelt. Not far away is Blue Point, and everybody who has had any gastronomic fun in this world knows what that means, for the name attaches to the finest oyster that grows.

Around Bayport the woods open, so that we get inspiring glimpses off upon the hills, which once more recall the vast reaches of Colorado and Alberta; but the river cutting through the wood and reflecting the cool, green shadows of the trees, is something that the West does not afford to us. Hereabout are many visitors every summer, and the neighborhood is alive with excursion parties then.

Patchogue, the nearest to a city of any of the south side towns, is built on a dry soil, though near the water, and is surrounded with wood. It is a clean, tidy place, with arbors, trees, gardens, lawns and greenhouses; yet it has quite a little of the city character, and its common, with a soldiers' monument, its well stocked shops, its well kept streets, its pretty churches and its comfortable cottages, are worthy of many of the manufacturing centers that sport a mayor and board of aldermen. There are fully five thousand people in Patchogue, and the census for 1900 will doubtless show at least ten thousand. It has electric lighting and gas, the telephone service is excellent, the hotels are many and well kept, and the town is reached by fourteen trains a day. It is a fine place for boating and fishing, and the boat building industry is considerable. A good channel runs through the bay and, in the reasonable



WRECK NEAR WATER ISLAND.

expectation of commerce, it has been made a port of entry. In the ponds and streams are many trout and other fish for those who prefer to whip fresh water for their finny game. Patchogue Lake, four miles long, is a favorite resort. Every one who has listened to a few of the aboriginal names of Long Island localities will recognize Patchogue as Indian. It is not the prettiest name in the world, but we are not to forget that there are more melodious ones here, such as Ronkonkoma, Massapequa and Amagansett. It has been suggested that the Indian tribes on Long Island must have formed their language on the sounds that they heard in the woods and among the marshes, and there is certainly a suggestion of frogs and tree toads in Quogue, Ponquogue, Peconic, Moriches, Speonk, Shinnecock, Sagg and Cutchogue. These names have character, however, and are far and away ahead of the namby-pamby titles that a few Philistines have tried to saddle on these venerable places—names like Smithville, Jonesville, Juggins' Center and Johnson's Point. It is hoped that the time will come when the people will weary of these common-places, and if any names are to be changed a second time, that they will give place to the sonorous old Indian names again.

Bellport stands on a height of land which is rather unusual on the south shore, and great development is expected here in the immediate future. Town lots have been staked off for several miles around the present settlement, and streets are not only cut but graded and planted with shade trees. It is only a question of time, and not of a long time either, when this, like many other pleasant spots on Long Island, will be the center of a large and well-housed population. The low pine forest that grows about here gives an impression of vastness. The bay at this point is three miles wide, and offers many a lively scene when hot weather drives the people from the cities. An enviable reputation for health and coolness has been secured by Bellport, and they show to the town man thermometrical records for the summer that make him doubt his eyes, for this is less than sixty miles from New York. There are several pretentious houses in this village, but what is more to the purpose, there are many comfortable ones. The hotels alone will house nearly two thousand guests.

Brookhaven is invisible from the railroad. It lies over behind the wood to the south, in sound of the roaring of the ocean as it tumbles on the outer beaches. New roads are

being pushed in all directions, and the effect of the deciduous trees against the dark walls of the pines is one that a Rousseau might delight to paint. Many little streams cut through the wood, falling slowly down the slope that stretches from the northern hills to the sea, and in these are many fish. The hunting of this district is famous, and probably more game can be shot here than at any other point within an equal distance either of miles or of time from the metropolis.



MASTIC RIVER.

Mastic, another half oasis in an Adirondack-like wilderness, is a sedate, rather sleepy spot, in the center of a wild country where the deer roam. It is an ideal resting-place for one tired of the town, with its everlasting ceremony and dress and its social obligations. The only obligation one feels under in a village like this is to get into harmony with nature, and enjoy himself after the manner of the natural man. An important advantage of life in such a place, if a man will be sensible, and go to bed at seasonable hours, and breathe pure air at night as well as by day, is the health it guarantees. Without counting the cities at the west end of the island, it is shown by statistics that mortality here is low. It seems almost unbelievable that in 1890-91, when the statistics were made up by the census officers, the average of life in Queens and Suffolk Counties should have mounted to over sixty years.



CAPTURED ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE.

The average of life is increasing, as any life insurance man will tell you; but its chances are still best out here where there is ozone enough, and where the air is sweetened both by vegetation and the breathing of the sea.

MORICHES TO SAG HARBOR.

Moriches is a place of more alertness, though there are orchards, pastures and cornfields here which look as prosperous as the houses. The village lies on the bay a mile from the station, and as there are three divisions of it communication is established between them by stage—a slow but inexpensive and picturesque way of travel that is still extant in odd corners of the island. The Hotel Brooklyn is a fine modern structure, and there are numerous lesser hotels and well-kept boarding places. Like most of the settlements along here, one commands from it a view over still water, which is most esteemed by those who have children that they are afraid will tumble into it; but it is a short and easy sail to the strip of beach that divides the inclosed water from the ocean, and here the big billows tumble with a roar that is like a summons.

Eastport is another of the places that have come into new life in the last decade. It is laid off on slightly rolling ground that enables one to see not merely the still water of the bay, but that darker space diversified with distant sails and fringed with the smoke of European steamers—the space that ends at the white sands where the Atlantic surges eternally

thunder. You would know that you were near the sea now—you not only see it, but you smell it; it is in the air; it affects the thermometer; the vegetation shows it. The Long Island Country Club has set up its penates here; it could not find a better spot; and the summer resident has left his, and more particularly her, impress on the village. Farming about here is remunerative, because it is skillful and scientific, and there is a considerable doing in the raising of poultry. The roads are so well drained that they do not stay muddy after rains. Several blue ponds, made by the damming of rivers, suggest trout and other toothsome members of the finny tribe, and from the train windows one looks across the larger of these ponds at the club house which has been mentioned.

Speonk, a place that certainly sounds like the call of a frog, is a small village with a population which is nearly



SUMMER SCENES AT MORICHES.

doubled in summer when boating, bathing and other forms of country pleasuring are at their height. A fenny brook or two coursing through hollows of the land divides pastures that are half overgrown with scrub pines, to which the woodman's ax has lately been applied. There is a Presbyterian church here and several pretty cottages.

Westhampton is the first of the several and famous Hamptons of Long Island. Here the bar thins away, and one may



DUCK FARM AT WESTHAMPTON.

drive right down to blue water. A dense wood conceals a part of the village from the track, and notice is drawn to it because there is something of a lumbering industry here. A broad parkway has been laid out to the beach, and clean, sandy roads run in several directions, promising agreeable drives and walks. The real estate boomers are at their work, and they feel a justifiable confidence in the success of their schemes. There are Methodist, Presbyterian and Catholic churches, and a summer society that includes many professional men. Here is the old "Dix place" that was owned by General Dix, author of the order to shoot any man who tried to pull down the American flag. The farm is now the summer home of the general's son, Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church, New York.

Quogue stands on ground that is agitated by long, slight waves, the forerunners of the more broken Shinnecock Hills. The wood is more open, but the region is lonely. It is a game-haunted country, with small, local habitations, and the fine white sand that one sees here and there indicates that the sea is not far away. A number of dainty cottages have been put up recently,

and there are many large boarding houses. The place has become famous for its bathing. A bulletin is put up daily at about the bathing hour, giving the temperature of the water, the state of the tide, and indicating the safest places for bathing. De Witt Clinton and Daniel Webster used to come here for the bathing and fishing and for the fish dinners, and their example is now followed by a number of city men. Crabbing is one of the local excitements. The old village character that so long pertained to Quogue is still maintained, in so far as the place is one of rest and freedom; but it is more modern than it was when its first hotels were built, and the city visitor need not fear that he will find himself hopelessly cut off from the comforts and necessities he has enjoyed in town.

At Good Ground the prosperity of the farms and comfort of the old-fashioned houses seem to declare the name well chosen; and it is believed that the attempt to do away with it and substitute one of those meaningless names like Smithport will fail, as it ought to do. Low hills, dark with wood, appear in the north, and the tall lighthouse of Ponquogue looms across the verdure on the south. Outside of the immediate space of



PONQUOGUE LIGHT.



CANOE PLACE INN.

settlement the country is as wild as Maine, but within the settled belt there is a pleasing sense of antiquity and content. If one stops here at any one of the well-appointed boarding places he will often be moved to walk

or drive a little to the north or east of the place and enjoy one of the most magnificent views on the Atlantic or any other coast. Indeed, as the traveler who has "done" Europe sees it, he is reminded more of the famous Bay of Naples than of any other spot. There is no Vesuvius in the distance, throwing up its lazy column of hot dust, but there is a reach of water as blue as that of Naples—the Great Peconic Bay, nearly landlocked, yet full of the strength and freshness of the sea. It is surrounded by hilly, wooded shores that break down in slides of silvery sand at the edge of the water, and the view in all directions is of noble breadth and inspiring character.

The train slowly climbs the Shinnecock Hills after leaving Good Ground, and we find ourselves on one of the most peculiar and picturesque spots on Long Island. Its present and prospective vogue is due to the artists who discovered it, so to speak, and the result of their celebrations in paint and illustration has been the erection of a group of fine manors on the windy heights overlooking both the sea on the south and Peconic Bay on the north. At Canoe Place the narrow isthmus between the two has been pierced by a canal, and here has been erected an inn that reproduces in its architectural features the pleasant country inns of England. Needless to remark that it is much better kept than they are and sets a better table. An older tavern hereabout, which has been known to fishermen and sportsmen for a hundred years, and was a stopping place for British officers longer ago than that, has two big willows growing before



SHINNECOCK HILLS.

it that were started from sprouts brought from St. Helena ; and another noticeable exterior decoration is the wooden statue of Hercules, weighing over a ton, from the U. S. warship "Ohio." Rev. Paul Cuffee, the last of the Indian missionaries, is buried near by, and here may be seen the little church where he preached, as well as the remains of an old fort erected in 1776. About ten years ago



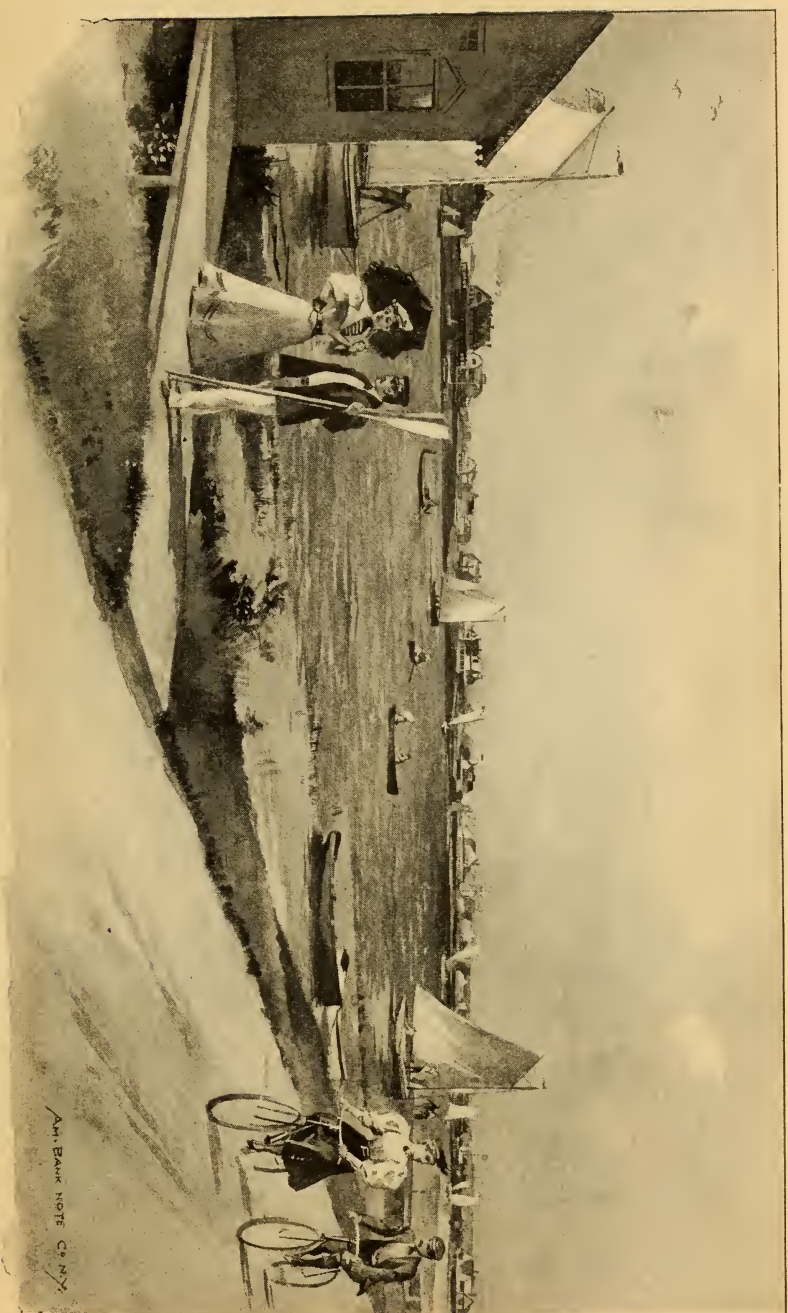
From "Illustrated American."

most of this property passed into the hands of an improvement company of wealthy men, and an immense rise in value occurred. Before that time the hills were accounted as absolutely worthless. That was because their value was gauged by their agricultural non-productiveness, and no account was taken of air, surf, sport or scenery. About a hundred Shinnecocks occupy the little reservation two or three miles from here, and have homes and farms of their own. They would seem queerly out of place in their original estate were they to present themselves among these bare and windy hills to-day—their ancient hunting ground. In places the ground rises one hundred and forty feet above the sea, and where no villa is in sight one is forcibly reminded of the descriptions of the moors in "Lorna Doone." If his imagination is still young and active, he fancies that he can see a band of the Doone robbers riding down the track ; but on closer approach the robbers prove to be innocent bicyclers making a "century run" back to Brooklyn. On over the sand, clothed sparsely with short grass and infrequent clumps of bay and gnarly old cedars, we speed, with the ocean still in view on our right and on our left Peconic, a vast salt lake with scattered cabins on its shore, and presently the name of Southampton is called at the car door. We have descended the dunes and are amid gentler scenery. The fields are broad and green, and have a look of long settlement that is not belied by facts, for the town was settled in 1640, soon after the pilgrims had got to housekeeping at Plymouth. Job's Lane, still in use, was opened in 1663, and a few of the houses are more than two centuries old. A gravestone in the cemetery

bears the date of 1686. The wandering stranger can put up in Southampton if he likes, but it is distinctly a place of homes, and its advance in population and condition is a gratifying token of the improving taste of the American people and their increasing appreciation of the benefits of a rural life, at least in summer. The largest number of lots and in the best places, along the shores of a charming lake, are owned by New Yorkers. Southampton owes much of its advance, in fact, to their taste and liberality. All the modern improvements to be expected are here, and there are several that might not be expected. Real estate values are nearly the same as in Brooklyn. In its architectural features it rivals, if it does not surpass, any town in this part of the country. Whales are seen now and then off the shore, and last summer three of them were chased and killed by the old salts who still abide here, their carcasses—those of the whales, not the sailors—bringing in about \$1000 each. It is good fun to get hold of one of these old fellows—a weather-beaten man of sixty, most likely, with a peck of whiskers under his chin that have defied the Atlantic gales—and after soothing him with a town cigar or possibly a tankard at one of the three bar-rooms in Southampton, to get him to tell tales of adventure on the sea and in “forring parts,” in the days when the American flag was seen in every sea and whale oil made small but steady fortunes. These veterans are now to be found employed about the boat-letting stations or in charge of yachts, and in the pay of men who never saw a whale or crossed blue water. The history of the town is honorable, especially in the list of its sailors and men of affairs. Before Commodore Perry had opened the



WATER MILLS.



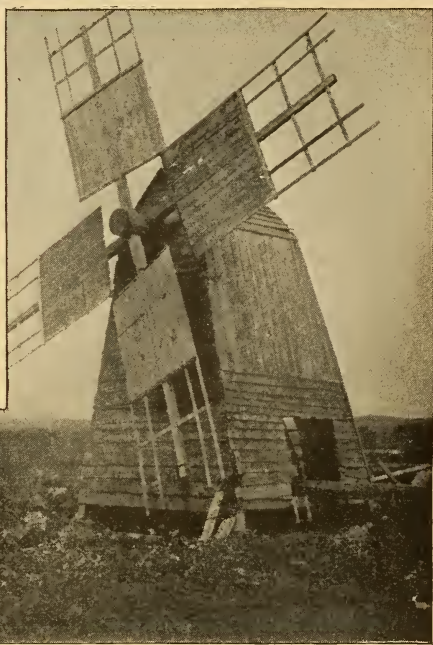
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ports of Japan and started that empire on its career of civilization, it was a Southampton whaler, Mercator Cooper, who had put in at Tokio and paved the way to Perry's further action, by returning to their homes a company of shipwrecked Japanese sailors. From the window of the car, on the left of the track, may be seen the first of several quaint old windmills that are to be found at the east end of the island. Later purposes and developments are indicated in the commodious quarters of the Hampton Club.

Water Mills is a pleasant farming district with an old mill and views in the open country and along the inclosed water that have been the delight of many artists. There are groves and plantations, and still along the north we see the wall of dark hills.

Bridgehampton is yet another of these Hamptons, well nigh as perplexing to the stranger as the Haddams of Connecticut, a thrifty old village with white houses and white churches, and an old windmill that is a delight to the heart of the antiquary. It is near the sea, and is, therefore, cool and healthful; and from being a self-supporting population of farmers and fishermen, it has grown to be a summer resort of some size and account. Boarders and visitors find here a good library, with Methodist and Presbyterian churches, a hotel of good repute among more than the local population, and a new park around the settlement that has just sprung up along the banks of Georgica Lake.

Now the road turns northward, leaving the sea and crossing the neck of land four miles wide that divides it from Peconic Bay. Presently a picturesque town looms across the meadows, and the iron horse stops panting after his long run, at the end of the line, in the ancient Sag Harbor. One doesn't hear as much of this old place as he should, for the tide of travel and the trend of interest has been toward the surf, and this town fronts on inclosed water; but whoever makes a journey out on the island and omits Sag Harbor omits one of the best things on it. It is an old whaling town, like Nantucket and Portsmouth, and is as quaint as they. A century ago its tonnage was as large as that of New York, and half a century ago its income from the whale fisheries was close on a million a year. Old settlers will tell you that they can remember the day when no less than sixty-three staunch whalers lay at their wharves or at anchor in their channel, and the sailors coming ashore after voyages that sometimes continued for over five years, would spend their money as freely



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WINDMILLS AT THE HAMPTONS.

as water, as it was always the way of seafaring men to do. Where are these old ships now? Alas! some lie at the bottom of the sea, and even those who mourned their dead are at rest on the hill where, on the mossy stones, one still spells the names of a former generation: Tobias, Peleg, Eliphalet, Caleb, Jemima, Abigail, Deborah and Mehitabel. When the fisheries began to play out many of the ships and crews found occupation in carrying pilgrims to California, for the gold fever had set in strong; and having arrived there the crews were affected by the same disorder, and refused to return. Several of these noble ships rotted on the sands of that far-off coast; and it is related that the bones of one of them were visible at the foot of a San Francisco street until a few years ago. Sag Harbor is one of those towns that just happened. The cows must have made the original streets, and little attempt has been made to rectify them since. Except for the main thoroughfare, which is relatively direct, and is lined with good shops and hotels, they shoot off at all kinds of tangents and bring up in all kinds of unexpected places. This adds greatly to the quaintness of the place. Sag Harbor has gas, running water, schools, and one of the great Brooklyn bazaars has established a branch here. There is a large convent school, and all the leading denominations are represented in the churches, one of which, the Presbyterian, stands on high ground, and is one of the architectural marvels of the land—a combination of Egyptian, Corinthian and Chinese that would be found nowhere else in the world, and that amply justifies itself by its oddity. There is a large watch-case factory and other industries here, and the immense piles of scallop shells along the water front look as if everybody had enough to eat. The surrounding scenery is delightful, with low hills clothed to their tops with vegetation and young woods, where the children go to gather wintergreen. Several handsome houses, with spacious grounds and conservatories, have been erected in the neighborhood of Sag Harbor, and a hunting and fishing club has bought a quantity of land fronting on the water. Sag Harbor was the seat of Indian settlements long ago, and there are a few remains of them in the mounds and kitchen middens that lie, for the larger part, in the yards of the citizens. Mr. William Wallace Tucker, of this place, has made a special study of the Long Island Indians, and has a large and interesting collection of relics that he has gathered and exhumed in this part of the island. Among these relics is the only primitive wooden paddle in

existence. The old houses of Sag Harbor easily bear out the appearance or allegation of age that the town enjoys, or endures ; but there is comfort and conservatism everywhere, and there never was a town where the people seemed to be so fond of flowers. The windows and gardens are full of them.

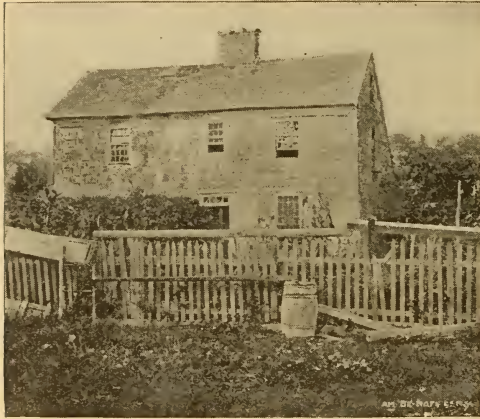


TOLL-GATE NEAR EASTHAMPTON.

EASTHAMPTON AND MONTAUK POINT.

The railroad this year has been extended from Bridgehampton to Amagansett. Easthampton of all the Hamptons is the most delightful. It is the home of many men of mind and influence, and among others, of artists who have painted its beaches, its shaded streets, its old windmill, its fruitful fields and its ancient but comfortable residences. The main street is of magnificent breadth. It was laid out when people did not have to think about real estate values. It is over one hundred and thirty feet wide and is lined with superb old trees. There is no beach in the world superior to the one here. The site of the town was visited before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and the settlement was one of the earliest in this part of the country. The list of famous men who have gone forth from here, or who have made their homes in its delightful shades, is a long one. It must suffice to mention John Howard Payne, whose "home, sweet home" is one of the first places of the village that the visitor seeks ; Lyman Beecher, "the father of more brains than any man who ever lived;" Lion Gardiner, whose tomb is surmounted by a knight

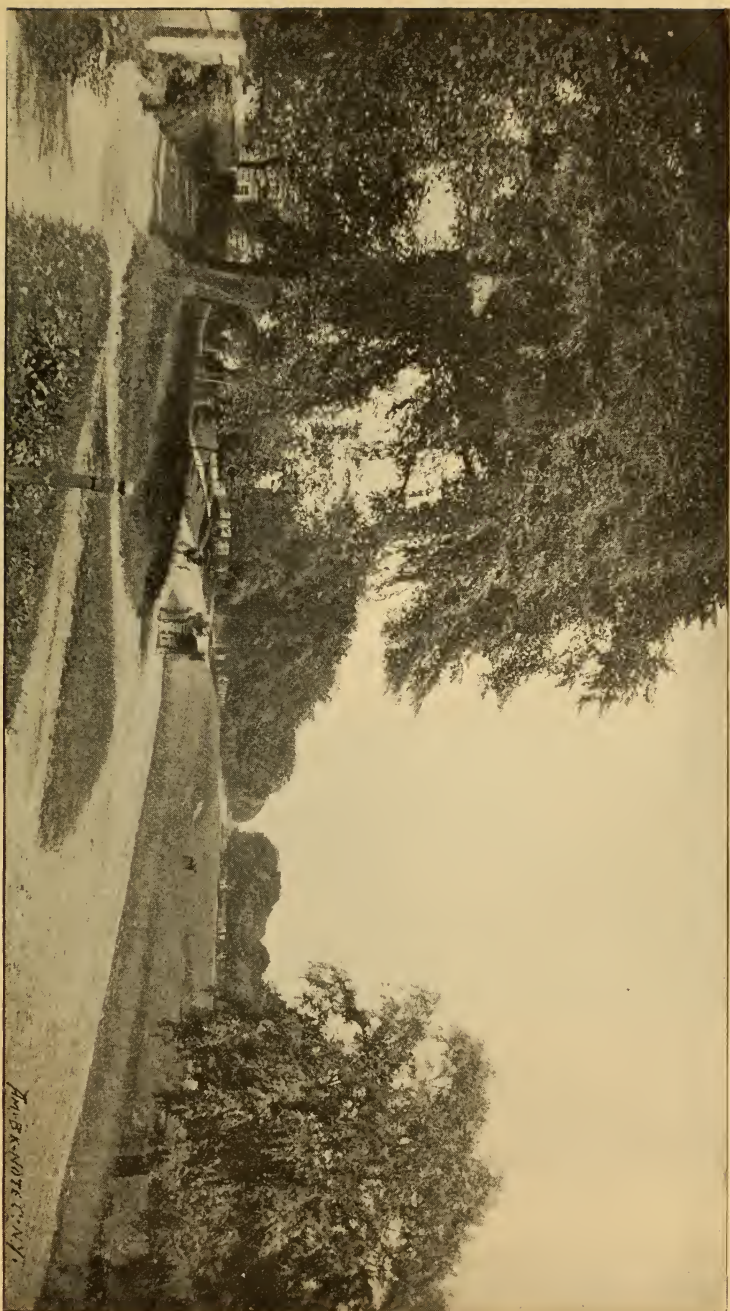
in armor recumbent; John Alexander Tyler, Roscoe Conkling, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and Thomas Moran, the painter of western scenery. An old cemetery, a sunken pool where it is said that the will-o'-the-wisp can be seen on still nights, the queer old Clinton Academy and the three Dutch windmills are things by which Easthampton is known far and near; but it is best known by its refined society, its delightful and healthful climate, its invigorating pleasures and its lovely setting. A little east of it, in a rich farming district, lies the tiny hamlet



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

of Amagansett, and it is at this point that the most picturesque part of the island begins. If one has time he should by all means make the trip to the end of it about ten miles away, and probably before the season is over the railroad will be in operation. Montauk Point is unique; it is a

long, bare peninsula, rising above the sea to a height of anywhere from fifty to over one hundred feet, its surface rolling and in the hollows many pools where the water lily lifts its ivory star of perfume to the sky, and the air is also sweet with the spicy odors of sweet fern and hay. On the seaward side the hills break down into cliffs of gravel, often nearly sheer and thirty yards and more in height, the billows at their bases lashing the weed-grown boulders which from time to time have fallen from the heights. The remains of several good ships have strewn these shores in spite of the ample warnings from the lighthouse, but the loss of life has been comparatively slight, as there is an excellent life saving service here. A dozen years ago there were but three houses in the whole twenty miles of the Point, but it will not be long before the region is filled with settlers. A village, parked and neatly built, has already been established far out where the winds come fresh from ocean and where



MAIN STREET AT EASTHAMPTON.

THE EASTHAMPTON, N.Y.



CLINTON ACADEMY, EASTHAMPTON.

imagination roves seaward, finding no land to the south on this side of the West Indies, and none to the east short of the coasts of Portugal and Spain. The land was long used as a cattle pasture, and whoever tramped along the trail here was liable to be startled as he rounded a sand dune or emerged from a clump of brush, at finding himself in a herd of cows with perhaps a fractious bull or two in their company. The great rolling plain of the Point is bright with sunlight, swept by every wind, and is exhilarating in spite of its loneliness. The old houses, about seven miles apart, offer their hospitalities to the belated or storm bound traveler, and on a pinch one might get shelter at the lighthouse, although Government desires that visitors shall not protract their visits until their welcome is worn out. The lighthouse is a tall, conspicuous tower of white, at the eastern extremity of the Point, topped with a powerful Fresnel light that sends its blaze in meteor flashes for twenty miles across the sea and land. Neat houses of the keepers have been erected near its base. The Indian has an eye for natural beauty, as western explorers know, and it was on this point that old chief Wayandance or Wyandank had his headquarters. Remains of his settlement may still be seen. There are harbors here with beautifully curving shores,

and one of them, Fort Pond Bay, will one day become the scene of important activities ; for it is designed to shorten the runs of the great European steamers for the better part of a day by bringing them to dock here, instead of at Jersey City and New York. A great saving of time, both in the transportation of passengers and the delivery of mail and freight, would thus be made, and the time on the ocean ferry would be reduced to about five days, for express trains could be made to cover the one hundred and twenty miles from the bay to Brooklyn in a few hours. One leaves Montauk with regret. It lacks hotel accommodations as yet, though it will not lack them long after the arrival of the railroad, but the inducements to campers and yachtsmen are great. The air and scenery are superb, and the pæan of old ocean never sounds forth with greater majesty then when it is rhymed and thundered against the bluffs of Montauk.



MONTAUK POINT.



A SUBURBAN DRIVE.

SUBURBAN TOWNS.

Trains going eastward leave Long Island City and Brooklyn, the former a place of many industries, the latter a summer and winter resort of a million people who boast of their parks, the boulevards, their churches and their bridge. Assuming that the traveler is trying to escape from town, however, we will not detain him long. He will be pleased to find that his transit across the city is all above ground and past streets guarded from the track by fences and falling gates instead of through a dark and smoky tunnel, like nearly all the other rail approaches to the metropolis. Brooklyn covers more ground than New York, because few of its people live in flats and tenements; but the edge of the town is soon reached, and after the customary suburban spectacle of real estate signs and cemeteries has been offered, the traveler finds himself among green fields and pure air, and breathes deeper. To the south, or right, the land is level and stretches toward the ocean. On the north it rolls up into the ridge known as the backbone of Long Island, a range of hills that extend throughout its length. Ages ago the glacier that buried half of North America under thousands of square miles of ice, ended at Long Island, which indeed is composed of fragments torn from the New York and New England hills in the slow but resistless southward progress of the frozen mass. The remarkable variety of material found here makes the island no less interesting to geologists and mineralogists than its mode of deposit makes it attractive to

artists and lovers of graceful scenery ; for the scenery has now no hint of chill and desolation. We enter upon rich, warm fields as soon as we are clear of Brooklyn, and directly we find ourselves among a congeries of new parks, pleasant places, very delightful to the man of moderate means, with perhaps a number of children who need the educational advantages of the town, but who are the better for living in fresh air and having green things about them. These parks are restricted against nuisances of all kinds. Prices of lots are reasonable, and the train service is frequent. Morris Park, for example, has more than forty trains a day. A pretty place it is, and

Richmond Hill is another, somewhat older and more sedate, and showing the result of longer residence in its broad streets and charming lawns and gardens, its neat churches and its



RICHMOND HILL.

homes, that are obviously the abodes of taste, if not of wealth. Superbly located, with sufficient elevation to secure perfect drainage and a magnificent view of the surrounding country, it has hardly a rival among suburban competitors. Everybody who travels by the Long Island Railroad has an eye out for the private parks at Woodhaven, with their beds of flowers, their

ponds and bridges, their statuary and greenhouses. This region is filling up rapidly, and one does not have to be very old or reminiscential when he tells how he used to see the haymakers getting in their loads where graded streets now run, and about apples growing where trim cottages and rows of houses stand.

The first important stop after leaving Brooklyn is Jamaica, settled in 1656, and containing a few interesting relics of the colonial period. In the days when the Union Race Course was in operation near Jamaica, it enjoyed a national reputation, and its name appeared in the papers of the land at least as often as any other town three times as big. After the decline of its sporting interests it fell into apparent desuetude for a few years, but it is now a busy and fast-growing place of six thousand inhabitants, with three papers, churches of all denominations, fine shops, good schools and ready access to town. It has been selected as the site for a new State Normal School. Unfortunately for himself, the traveler who is ticketed to eastern stations sees very little of this town, for the railroad runs, for a part of its course, through a cut, and it is environed, as railroads are apt to be in such places, with shops, sheds, lumber piles, and the like. Jamaica is the railroad center of Long Island, for here the road forks to Brooklyn, to Bushwick, to Long Island City, to the main and southern divisions, and all trains for Oyster Bay, Northport, Port Jefferson, Greenport and Sag Harbor pass through it. Whoso lives in Jamaica has his choice of many pleasant walks, rides and drives in the neighborhood, and of cheap excursions by rail. Of course it has electric lights, gas, local surface cars, creditable public buildings, and all other things that make the town a modern and comfortable place of residence. To its very edge it has a sound and settled look which is different from the transition state of things on the eastern edge of Brooklyn. There is a comfortable hotel here for such as have occasion to visit the place, and if summer board is wanted it can be had in a number of houses, for you are ten miles from New York, and the air is fresher than it is on the shores of the East River.

Around Jamaica are many vegetable gardens, and people who cross the great Brooklyn Bridge late at night have met the huge covered wagons rumbling over that structure on their way to the markets, driven by the farmers, and laden with lettuce, cauliflower, corn, and what not. Long Island eggs are the

standard in near-by cities, and Long Island potatoes have the reputation of being the best grown outside of Bermuda.

Hollis is an attractive place, where the houses stand at independent angles to each other, and are surrounded with generous yards and brightened by many posy patches. The Queen Anne style of architecture, that was so persistent about ten years ago, is still popular ; but its rigors have modified, and if a Hollis man has a fondness for some other style, say the colonial or even the plain modern American, the neighbors will not send out a vigilance committee to inquire about it. The driveway that runs through Hollis and takes the traveler upon the ridge to the north, opens up to his view a vision of rare loveliness, embracing ocean and earth, plain and hill, solitude and town, with the hills of Jersey seen through the incessant vapor and smoke that drift from the chimneys of New York—the incense that is burned at the altar of commerce and industry. The trees that were set out by the founders of the town have already acquired a sturdy growth, and are a delight to the eye and a refreshment to the sense on a warm day in summer.

A little farther on is Queens, a village built upon a rolling and diversified surface more suggestive of the hill districts of places “up the State” than of what nine people in ten suppose Long Island to be ; for there are still a good many persons who imagine the island to be as flat as a pancake from end to end, and some who hold the notion that their grandfathers entertained, that it is a region of pine barrens. The old church standing among the cedars is quaint, and the athletic grounds close by the station seem to offer a promise of abundant sport. The local muscle of the place, however, is more immediately concerned in the building of houses and the raising of fruit and vegetables for the towns and for the satisfaction of the appetites of boarders in these precincts, the aforesaid appetites being daily sharpened to a wolfish edge by a bracing air and the salt flavor of the same. Long hills with sentinel trees stretch across the north to what seems an infinity of distance. They are the glacial moraine, the backbone of the island. At their feet begins the wide plain that spreads in a sheet of green to the south, merging into the marshy edges of the sea, and divided from the surf of ocean by narrow keys of sand with their many hotels and cottages, and an intervening lagoon of still water that extends for ninety miles with hardly a break along the outer or seaward side of the island. Holland is half suggested in the mellow gardens that we look out

upon, with cattle grazing contentedly in fat pastures, and more especially is it suggested in the windmills that are whirling in the breeze and raising water for the benefit of people and stock alike ; for it is one of the advantages of this part of the country that the water supply is unlimited, and that even in the driest seasons the wells and springs are little affected. Of course these windmills are not of the Old World pattern, though we shall see a few of them in the Hamptons.

North of Queens is Creedmoor, a pleasant hamlet, near which is the most celebrated of American rifle ranges. National guardsmen come here to practise almost daily, and it has been the place where the great international matches have been held.

Floral Park is a new village, and is what its name implies. The Hon. John Lewis Childs started it when he established his extensive nurseries and greenhouses here ; for Long Island is also known as a famous seed-growing country, and there is no reason why the business of flower-raising, that is pursued to such advantage in places along the Hudson and in Pennsylvania, a hundred miles and more from the metropolis, to which the best of the product is sent, should not be followed to still greater profit in these warm, even-temperated plains within an hour's reach of the great city. Floral Park takes its name directly, perhaps, from the little park that is reached just before running in at the station, and that in the summer months is kept in an absolute glory of bloom. A little observatory that stands at the end of this park offers a view finer than one might suppose to be possible, considering its height, and that, in the extent of the prospect, may truly be called grand. Many fine houses and cozy cottages have been erected here within a couple of years, and the little place supports a newspaper and a magazine.

East Hinsdale is an enterprising community, where are located some of the most extensive seed and flower nurseries in the State. It is well worth a visit. Any one interested in horticulture will be well repaid by an examination of these gardens. Now we emerge upon the plains of Garden City in Hempstead, a township large enough for a county and fertile and pleasant enough to support a population of thousands, yet as easy to reach from New York as many of the New Jersey towns that have been in the enjoyment of popularity for dozens of years without half as much to recommend them, either in natural resources, accessibility to the cities, or in cheapness of real estate. The center of interest in the township is Garden City, which was founded by the late A. T.

Stewart on land bought by him from the township, and designed as a place of abode for men and women of moderate means. If it has failed in some of the respects for which it was created it has gained in other and perhaps more important ones, for it is becoming a place of lovely homes. Imposing mansions show from the hills; it has fine private schools, with ample ball-fields and other accessories of the modern institution of learning, while its exquisite cathedral, a miniature of the famous Gothic fanes of England, from its situation forcibly suggests that of Salisbury. This beautiful building, while it does not vie in size with some of the more famous churches, is better worthy of study than most of those in New York. In its architectural scheme it is more finished and harmonious than most of them, and its situation in a green park sets it off to advantage. Here, also, the bishop of the diocese has his home, and the services are of such interest and the music of such rare artistic quality that many people come here from the cities to attend church. The cathedral is, incidentally, the Stewart family mausoleum. Some years ago they used to call this part of the township the Hempstead Barrens; but on looking out over the farms that have been opened in these levels, and in walking along the shaded streets with their many gardens, it is hard to understand why such a name was ever applied to them. There is something invigorating, however, in the breadth of view that is had, even from the streets. It costs about a hundred dollars to see the prairies of the West. You can get all the effects of vastness and impressiveness here for a dollar. It must not be forgotten, either, that there are few, if any, places on the prairies that offer accommodations so enjoyable as those you find here at the hotel in Garden City, with its baths, elevators, smoking and billiard rooms, steam heat, open fire-places and running water. The hotel has been greatly enlarged and improved in the past year, and is now one of the best suburban hotels about New York. Hempstead, which lies only a mile or so from Garden City, is one of the older towns, but it is fast growing back to a state of youth. The old houses that give it so much character are slowly disappearing or are being remodeled out of recognition, though the place retains and points with pride, as the political speakers have it, at the Episcopal Church with its communion service given to it by Queen Anne, the hotel where Washington stopped, the ancient town hall, the buttonball trees one hundred and fifty years old, and the houses that were standing during the British occupation of the place, which continued nearly throughout the Revolution.

All sorts of modern improvements have been made in Hempstead, including running water, a high-class fire service with millionaires among the firemen, electric lights, macadamized highways, and its inhabitants are to have an opera house. Near here are the headquarters of the famous Meadow Brook and Farm Kennel Clubs, which number in their membership some of the best known society men and millionaires of New York. The place has five churches, two schools, two newspapers, six hotels, and a society distinguished for its vivacity and brightness. The first railroad on the island ran to Hempstead sixty years ago, and it was eight years after that the line was extended to Greenport.

The main line and the southern division of the railroad are connected by a line running from Garden City to Valley Stream, on which are located West Hempstead, Hempstead Gardens and Norwood.





GARDEN CITY HOTEL.

THE CENTRAL SECTION.

Leaving Jamaica on the main line of the railroad, we pass through the central belt of the island, which presents at every point scenery entirely different from that on either the north side or south side.

Hyde Park is built up with modern houses, and a good many of them have gone up in the last few years. It is a pleasant, fertile and accessible village, as is

Mineola, celebrated in this part of the country for its agricultural fairs, it being the seat of the Queens County Society, whereat there is a great display of prize corn, pumpkins, potatoes, hogs and cattle. This is the center of a farming country that gave Long Island a good name in the old days. The soil is light but rich, and a good many nurseries and floricultural industries bear testimony to the fact. Mineola is a typical country village. The views out in the open are fine, and among the objects included in them are the needle of the Garden City cathedral piercing the sky on the south, and towers, windmills and villa roofs topping the hillside on the north.

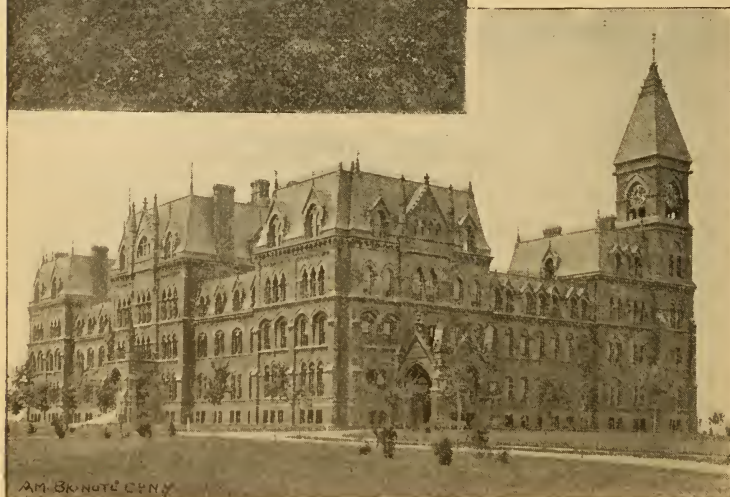
Westbury is a dry, healthy place, slightly rolling, a fine country either to farm, to tramp through, to hunt over, or just to own a piece of. Stabling seems to be a specialty here, and the roads are in good condition for bicycling. A new church and good stores will be found here, and back on the edge of the hills or on commanding sites on their sides are handsome villas and club houses.

Hicksville has been so modernized of late that some of its older inhabitants would hardly know it if they were suddenly precipitated into its streets after a long absence. Its factories have grown in number, size and output ; it has new chapels and stores ;

it is well lighted.

Neat new cottages have been put up for workmen. Indications of the extent of the seed and fertilizer industries are seen near the railroad ; but, after all, the things that please the visitor most are the wide, clean, shaded main street, and the healthy, thrifty look of things.

Central Park lies in another splendid reach of farming country, across which the eye may rove for



GARDEN CITY CATHEDRAL AND SAINT PAUL'S SCHOOL.

leagues from any slight elevation. Though a little place, Central Park has better shops and hostelryes than many places of larger size, and its roads are a delight merely to look upon. Around it is a young pine wood, sweetening the air with balsamic odors; and as you continue eastward you find that for a space this gives place to an oak forest, clothing the low hills with green. In one of the well-attended intervals we come upon the northern and more sedate section of Farmingdale, with its churches, schools and factories, and presently enter the Comac Hills, among which is West Deer Park, in the tender green of sproutlands, with areas of older wood about them, and occasional gashes of black where the vegetation has been burned off. Some springs in this neighborhood were formerly esteemed for their supposed medicinal value.



THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS.

There is space, the air is bracing, and the forest is large enough to give room for the hunter for weeks at a time. The forest thickens, the trees grow taller, and here and there among them we find the cuttings of old wood roads that were abandoned back in the sixties and have long since grown to underbrush and weeds.

Deer Park has begun to feel the stimulus of improvement. A company has taken possession of large areas of its land, and has begun to develop it in earnest. Houses of the old type are beginning to be deserted, but sound and attractive new ones are taking their places.

Brentwood is the capital of the pine belt. For a long time it was known merely as a place of trim farms and gardens, nurseries and stock stables. Then rumors of its benefit as a

sanitarium, in cases of pulmonary trouble, were repeated here and there, and presently people began to investigate for themselves. Some who were of weak lungs found themselves benefited by a short stay, and many others whose lungs were perfectly sound found that it was an equally good place for them. The air, coming pure and strong from the sea and passing over a big tract of evergreen wood, is of the sort to put life into a mummy. Here are located two well-appointed hotels, the "Austral" and the "Brentwood." There is no more delightful place in the State than Brentwood, a town of homes with their gardens hedged by spruces and cedars, and the health-giving forest forming a barrier from the rest of the world. Although much of this forest is preserved against trespass by its owners, even where it is wildest, there is still room for the botanist and nature-lover to get away from the roads here and there. A pretty chapel, which has recently been built, is but one of the indications that the refinements and amenities of life are not forgotten in a district so seemingly remote and so purposely and desirably secluded.

Central Islip, also in the pine belt, is an attractive, home-like district, while its schools and some of its churches form charming features in the landscape. Its fields are well fenced and well tilled. Eastward from the village one passes a large town of brick buildings, all substantially alike and spread out as if the land cost nothing. This is one of New York City's asylums, and the patients placed here for treatment show the improving effect of pure air and quiet. The land and buildings cost about half a million dollars. There are about three hundred patients.

A bit of fenland, remarkable for its rarity in these parts of the island, is passed, and the train slows up at the village of Ronkonkoma, a long-drawn settlement whose farms merge into those of Waverly, partly owned by the Waverly Gun Club. This is good farming land, and the little red or white houses, often with the old oaken bucket hanging in the well before their doors, make as sweet a picture of peace and content as could be imagined.

Ronkonkoma is the name of a lake about a mile north of the station that has the same name, and it has become one of the most deservedly popular spots on the island. It is about three miles around, is pear-shaped, and is supplied by springs that well up at the bottom of its basin, which is in parts over sixty feet in depth. Trees surround it and shade the lawns of cottages and

homes that have been set up here, and the walks and drives of the neighborhood are delightful. The beach is of fine white sand, bordered with a road, and the water is of singular purity, while the picture that it reflects on a still morning, when the trees



LAKE RONKONKOMA.

droop their great branches toward its edge and the sloping banks seem to sparkle with daisies and other wild flowers, is one that the eye never tires of. The meaning of the name is "sand pond," and it sounds better than it means, for usually the old Indian titles were poetic. It is the largest body of fresh water on the island, and is fifty-five feet above sea level. For some unexplained reason it has periods of recession and refilling that cannot possibly be connected with the tides. In its depths bass, catfish and perch are found, and on its surface many wild birds alight in their flight to the meadows or the shore. It has an atmosphere of its own that always seems to be cool and sweet, but the sweetness is doubtless that of the flowers that grow both wild along the banks and in the many gardens. St. Mary's-by-the-Lake is a little church on the south side of the water, and within ready reach are the churches of various denominations. There is a good hotel, and the boarding houses are satisfactory. Of course such a thing of beauty as this lake has its poems, and has had its picture often taken by the painters and illustrators and photographers. It also has its legend about a love-lorn Indian maiden in a phantom canoe, not unlike the one written by Thomas Moore about the ghosts of the Dismal Swamp. But no legend could make Ronkonkoma dismal. It is all bright and fair : a sapphire in an emerald setting.

Medford shows little of itself to the spectator at the car window, but the most careless passenger draws freer breath among these immense reaches of plain and wood—reaches so great that he wonders how the world can be called small when Long Island is so big. A hunter, a recluse, an old-fashioned hermit could be as much alone here as St. Simeon Stylites or St. Kevin.

The fields of Yaphank are next in view. Artists go to Holland and to Normandy and run risks of Roman fever on the Campagna to paint less attractive ones. Earth smiles in green, and the fine old woods in the background, cut by long, straight roads, seem to the stimulated fancy the abodes of nymphs and fauns and satyrs—the creatures with which the pantheistic Greek peopled his Vale of Tempe and that frisked in his vineyard in the moonlit night. Notice the queer old shingled house by the station. Of course you will notice the fine, large hotel to the north of the track. True, that hotel, so clean and hospitable in its appearance, is the county poorhouse; but doesn't it look as if you could spend a summer there in comfort? Perhaps the residents do. There is a small stream here, and more fens around Manor, with its ancient tavern and houses, its big ancestral trees, its new shops and improvements. There are two churches and a hotel, and board can be had in many of the farm houses at reasonable rates.

Baiting Hollow lies among the hills and woods, though the forest is much broken; for there are fine farms here, and the people who work them say it is the best soil for keeping weeds out of that they ever knew. Cauliflower, potatoes, cranberries and strawberries are standard crops. The woods include now many deciduous trees, and white birches are frequently seen, their stems shining against the dark green of the pines. It continues to be a rolling country as we go on, but we see more water, and there is quite a bit of it when we come to

Riverhead. This is more like a city than anything we have seen since leaving Jamaica. About three thousand people have their permanent residence here, and in summer as many more are added to the population as the hotels and boarding houses can accommodate. There are even more shops than a town of the size would ordinarily support—about fifty, it is said, besides lumber yards, a cigar factory, moulding mills and flour mills. There is a bank and schools, together with churches of various denominations. Navigation up Peconic Bay is feasible to this point, for Riverhead has considerable commerce in fruit and produce, and

is at least as well entitled to governmental consideration as the celebrated Cheesequakes Creek. The houses are well built, and seldom have the ephemeral look of summer residences. The streets are shaded, and in all directions the view, though not exciting, is full of grace and pleasantness. The ground surface is slightly rolling, hills rise along the horizon both north and south, and the shining, quiet water is in the field of vision from every high point. The holding of court and the annual recurrence of the county fair in this town afford enlivening days. The Atlantic is within an hour's drive of Riverhead, the Sound within half an hour, Peconic Bay about as far, and the clear sheet of water known as Great Pond within twenty minutes' walk. Flanders, a couple of miles away on the bay, may be regarded as Riverhead's watering place. There you may fish, shoot, row and bathe to your satisfaction.





ALONG PECONIC BAY.

The lovely salt water called Peconic Bay has attractions for some that the open sea does not, for there are many who prefer quiet bathing and safe boating to a tussle with the big rollers. After leaving Riverhead the train rolls out upon the north fluke of Long Island's tail, or peninsula, if you like.

Aquebogue, the first settlement, suggests that its origin might be mixed Latin and Saxon, for water and bog are its bay front. It has an old church. The views over the bay are less inspiring from these low meadows than from the hills on the south side of the island, and from the rises of ground that will be met a little farther on.

Jamesport straggles back on either side of the road to heights where old churches stand and houses peep through the trees. Gardens and farms extend in every direction, and there is just sand enough in the rich soil to keep it from souring and getting heavy. The town is one of the most popular places on the island in proportion to its size, and during recent years the boarders who have desired to come here have had to speak early. The hotels and farm houses have been sometimes crowded to discomfort, and this has led to a movement for the erection of cottages.

Franklinville is a prosperous village for one that makes no noise in the world. Flower culture has been taken up in a modest way.



PECONIC BAY, NEAR CUTCHOGUE.

The modest village of Mattituck, with its charming water vistas, its good taverns and its sound old farm houses, is another comfortable place that is in present favor, and increasing in popularity all the time. A creek heads in from the Sound, and in it are many crabs waiting to be caught, while in both the bay and the sea are fish. Two hotels take care of the visitors, and the leading religious denominations have chapels and churches.

Cutchogue is not large, but it is sightly, and is one of the chain of towns pierced by the long straight road that runs from Riverhead to Orient, and is accounted as one of the finest in the country; for there is no excuse for not having good roads on Long Island, since the surface and character of the soil encourage their construction. The drainage is good; there are no ledges and beds of rock thrust up through the earth to make barriers that it is expensive to blast away; the grades are never steep, except at the ocean's edge, and land is not so expensive that roads cannot be widened and improved when necessary. Indeed, as bicyclers know, the superiors of the Long Island roads are few in this country, which, as a land, has but just awakened to the



need and the economical sense of safe and solid highways. There are no more popular runs among wheelmen than those from the east end of the island to Brooklyn, or vice versa. Cutchogue village lies about half a mile south of the track, among broad fields and young woods and paying farms. It has churches, a hall, an agricultural society, hotels and shops, and it has coolness and pleasing views. The broad, shaded street of Peconic puts one in regard for that old place before he alights from the train, and his liking increases on better acquaintance with its nice old houses. Peconic Park is a headland that juts out from here. Southold thinks itself the oldest, as it thinks itself one of the finest, settlements in this part of the world. Unfortunately for the claims of both, it cannot be definitely stated whether the first settlers landed at Southold or Southampton. Whoever it was that first came, it is known that in 1640 the people of Southold had obtained a formal concession from the Indians and had organized a church. Its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary was celebrated with considerable *eclat* in August, 1890. It is a scattered place, with a populous center where shops, schools, churches, a newspaper office and other up-to-date appliances and benefits are to be found. So fine is the climate, with the winds coming from the sea whichever way it may blow, that you are pretty sure to meet one or two of those people during a summer's visit who will testify that Southold people may get to be old people, but they never die. Endurance is even shown by the houses, and there are two of them at least that are coeval with the foundation of the village. The end of the main line is reached at Greenport, a bright and agreeable town of three thousand people, who have most of the advantages of living that cities of five times that number can command in some other parts of the country. It fronts on Peconic Bay, with the wooded heights and tawny landslides of Shelter Island rising from the placid water. Though it is the end of the road, it has a commerce worthy of a railroad center. In the season boat communication is provided here with Shelter Island, New London and Sag Harbor; and its harbor could shelter a navy, for it is said to be bigger and freer from bars than that of New York. The cottagers and boarders here come from New England and the West as well as from Brooklyn and New York. The hotels here are comfortable and long established. There are large shops and commercial enterprises. The main street is handsome and well appointed; there are electric lights and water-works; the

streets cross each other at a fair approach to the rectangular system. The churches are large and handsome; the schools are efficient, and the new high school is a matter for local pride. Theatrical entertainments and lectures enliven even the winter here, and in summer, of course, much more is a-doing. Of the several marine industries of the town the one that is

most obvious to the eye is the scollop fishery. Tons and tons of the shells, with crabs and starfish and other strange things mixed up with them, are piled on the beach about half a mile from the station. The boating, sailing, fishing and shooting around this part of the



AT GREENPORT.

island are fine; but the visitor should not leave until he has made the acquaintance of the Sound, behind the town. Following the northward extension of the main street, he presently comes out upon the top of a bluff of gravel, and has his breath taken away by the suddenness and extent of the view; for he is standing eighty or ninety feet above the Sound, and it is spread out below him for ten or a dozen miles, straight across to the Connecticut shore, while to east and



west the sky closes down on the sea-line. Capes jut out from the bluffs that the traveler stands upon, and one of them bears the spire of Horton's Point light. At the sea's verge enormous boulders lie in chaotic masses, some of them as large as a house, and about them on windy days the water churns and froths magnificently. The water is surprisingly pure, and the beach of pebbles is as clean as the floor of a Holland kitchen, and no doubt a little cleaner, for it is washed every few seconds. The prevalence of large pebbles of milky quartz is one of the peculiar features of the beach. They are as smooth as eggs and white as new-fallen snow. At high-water line masses of seaweed are found, and Iceland moss can be gathered here. As sand beaches have their singing sound under foot, so this shingle gives forth a curious tubby note as if one were walking over a cellar. A little westward from the terminus of the road is a smooth sand strip that is streaked with powdered iron and garnet, the blotting sand of our ancestors, and so rich is this sand that when it occurs in large quantities it can be worked at a profit.

Orient, a town of a thousand people, is the last town on the Island. It is delightful in many ways.



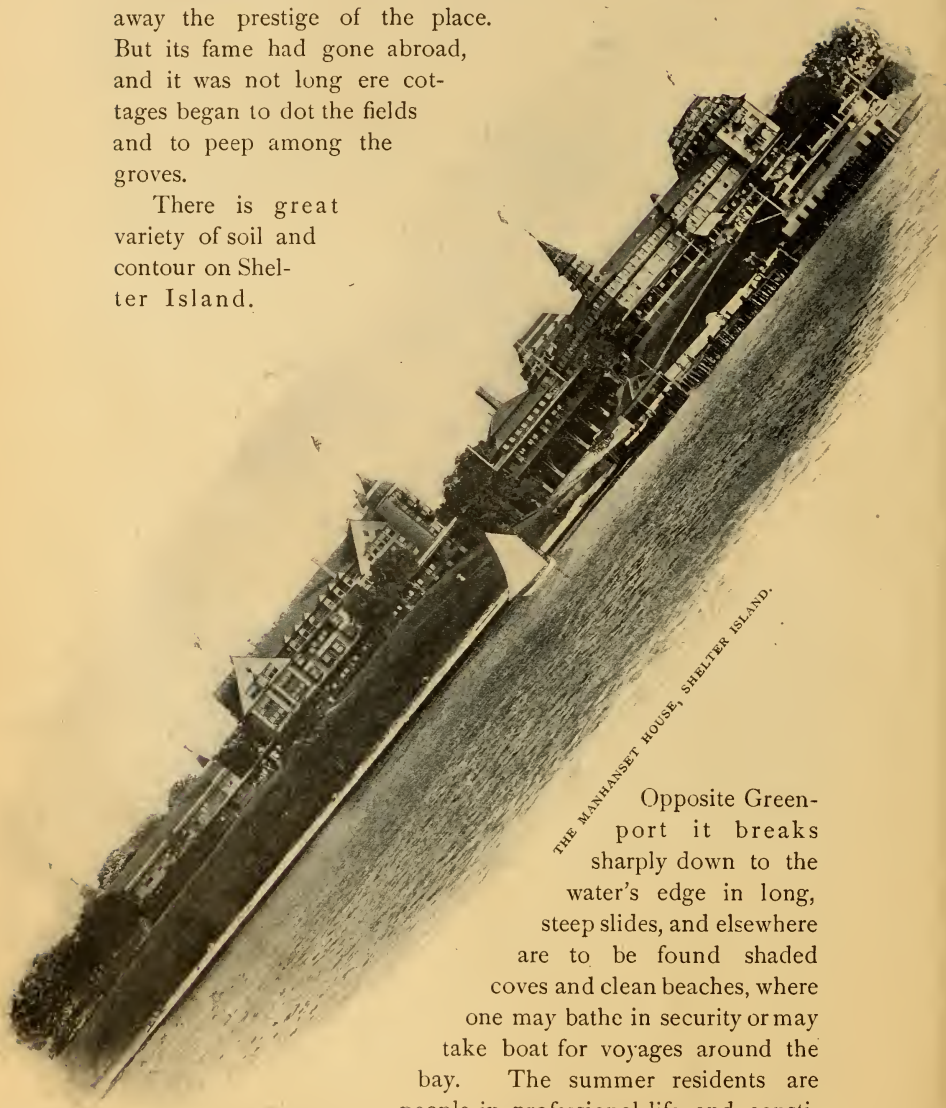


SHELTER ISLAND.

Shelter Island is reached by ferry from Greenport. This balmy land, that seems to float dream-like on the surface of the turquoise sea, is really sheltered from the winds on almost every side by the inclosing capes and other islands, and the Indians called it "the island sheltered by islands"; but it is not to that circumstance that its name is due. The name commemorates the fact that it was a shelter for the Quakers when they were driven from New England by the intolerance of men who had left England to escape intolerance. Thanks to the lord of the manor, Nathaniel Sylvester, they secured a place to live, or at least to die, although Sylvester was not a Quaker himself. Whittier, the Quaker poet, has left a noble and beautiful tribute to his memory. The present manor occupies almost the site of the original one, and is over a century old. It was occupied in summer by the late Prof. Hosford, of Harvard, who was instrumental in erecting a monument commemorating the landing of the Quakers so long ago. The island is of irregular form, and lies between the flukes of Long Island, as one writer has expressed it, "like a nut in the jaw of a nutcracker." Viewing Shelter Island as it stands to-day, it is difficult to believe that it is practically but twenty years old. It was discovered, as it were, by the Methodists, who planted a camp-meeting ground here. But while it was admirable for residence, it was at that time a trifle out of the way for the large number of people who desired to attend the meetings,

some of them for only a day, and Merrick and the New Jersey resorts, which were nearer and more accessible, in a little time took away the prestige of the place. But its fame had gone abroad, and it was not long ere cottages began to dot the fields and to peep among the groves.

There is great variety of soil and contour on Shelter Island.



THE MANHSET HOUSE, SHELTER ISLAND.

Opposite Greenport it breaks sharply down to the water's edge in long, steep slides, and elsewhere are to be found shaded coves and clean beaches, where one may bathe in security or may take boat for voyages around the bay. The summer residents are people in professional life, and constitute a society that is unrivalled among the cities.

Indeed, the society of the island has been choice, it formerly limited, from the earliest times. The old manor was the



VIEWS ON SHELTER ISLAND.

scene of many gayeties and hospitalities, and was regarded as an architectural wonder in its time. For the original structure bricks were shipped from Holland, as well as scriptural tile for the chimneys, and the doors and windows from England or Barbadoes. Roses and other flowering plants were sent over for the gardens, and there is a box-tree, planted by the original occupants of the house, which is still flourishing, green and tall and strong; and perhaps the miles of box-hedge, old-fashioned and beautiful, to be found in Sag Harbor, Greenport and other east-end villages, came from that parent stock. A hawthorn hedge on the ground of the manor is of about the same date. The woods at that period were cut away to make hogsheads of their timber, for Mr. Sylvester was engaged in the sugar trade in the West Indies when the Quakers came to him begging shelter from his compatriots. It is recorded that George Fox, founder of their order, preached to the Indians from the front-door steps. Here, likewise, were tenderly entreated the unhappy Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick, who had been imprisoned, whipped and banished from Boston because their faith was not that of the Puritans. Their son and daughter were ordered to be sold into slavery, but the manly old sea captain who was charged with taking them to the markets of Virginia roared out a round of big D's that no doubt

shocked the pious people, and refused the job. The elder Southwicks died in the manor, their last days solaced by the loving care of the only people they had found in America who seemed to be possessed of common humanity. It is of interest to know that Mr. Sylvester's rent for this splendid and fertile domain was one lamb a year, should the same be demanded on the first of May. It would take a whole sheep-yard to buy one lot there now. Conspicuous on the shore is the great Manhasset Hotel, one of the handsomest and best appointed on the coast, and one that has become highly popular. Cottagers can take their meals there if they wish to avoid the troubles and anxieties of housekeeping. It has accommodations for 700 people, and its splendid frontage of 725 feet on the water affords fine views. There is a Shelter Island Yacht Club, and the New York Yacht Club has a house there. The Shelter Island Association, organized to build cottages and improve the real estate at the location known as Shelter Island Heights, has secured a supply of pure spring water for the houses, laid out paths and roads, and established restrictions for the well-being of the community. It also erected a hotel, the Prospect House, which has a well-earned reputation.

Robins Island, west of Shelter Island, farther in the bay, has been famous for generations as a hunting and fishing center. It is owned by the Robins Island Gun Club. East of Shelter Island, well out to sea, are Gardiner's Island and Block Island. Gardiner's Island is still in possession of one of the Gardiner family, to whom it was granted. His ancestor, Lion Gardiner, was the first man of English blood to settle in New York State. He bought this lonely tract from the Indians in 1639. It is a delightful spot with a fertile



THE OLD HOMESTEAD ON GARDINER'S ISLAND.

soil and bracing winds that secure to the residents cool nights and comfortable days; but until the owner decides to sell it—an unlikely event—the public will know little of it. The Squire's Hall is a venerable place, and among its treasures and curios are a silk shawl that was given to one of the Gardiner dames by the redoubtable Captain Kidd. The resident population of the island is small, not over a hundred people, and it is employed in the maintenance of the estate, in farming, gardening and the raising of stock.



ALONG THE SOUND SHORE AT GREAT NECK.

ALONG THE NORTH SHORE.

The Catskill Mountains possess charms which are distinctively their own; the Adirondack region has beauties which are peculiar to that wonderful country, but the attractions of Long Island are no less peculiar and no less entrancing to those in search of summer change and recreation. Variety is imparted to the scenery by the water. On the south side it is the grand old ocean and the Great South Bay, and on the north it is the Sound and numerous bays and inlets which indent the shore at various points and render the aspect of the country extremely picturesque. The tourist who visits the north shore of the Island for the first time is astonished at the boldness of the hills and the

magnificent views of the Sound which are obtained from them. If his travels have previously been confined to the south side he will constantly compare the rolling country which he sees with the level districts nearer the ocean. It is this wonderful diversity of scenery which has made Long Island a paradise for the tourist. Those travelers who are only familiar with the south side can form no idea of the attractions which await them on the north. In the latter region tired people find rest and refreshment in riding for



MOONLIGHT ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

miles along country roads, where every now and then they are treated to charming glimpses of the broad expanse of Long Island Sound, with views of steam and sailing craft passing over this great water highway. It may be a stately passenger steamer, or a ponderous freighter, or a long tow of coal barges which move so slowly that they scarcely seem to move at all. Beside all these are the trim sail-boats and yachts, which, throughout the season frequent these parts in great numbers and add to the picturesqueness of all water views. But if the glimpses of the water from the roads and elevated places are refreshing, what should be said of the delights of sailing along the shore of the Sound and now and then making excursions into the numerous harbors which are found for almost its entire length? In this sort of recreation, the tourist who selects the north shore finds unending satisfaction, and he can say most feelingly with Byron :

" This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction."

A short distance out from Long Island City the attention of the traveler is attracted to the large number of florist establishments which are located in the villages through which the train passes. The first station is Woodside, a suburban town of many attractions, and adjoining is Winfield, a place similar in character. Newtown is one of the old towns of the island. The Episcopal church is over a hundred years old. There are several hotels and boarding houses. A typical country place is Corona, with many handsome cottages. Less than a mile distant is Bowery Bay, a popular resort for excursionists. The country roads hereabout are excellent for driving and wheeling.

Flushing is the largest town on this branch of the railroad. It claims a population of 18,000 to 20,000 people. It is purely a residence town, there being few manufacturing interests centered here. The streets are wide and regularly laid out and thoroughly macadamized, making it a paradise for riding, driving and bicycling. There are many handsome residences surrounded with well kept lawns, and there are a large number of first-class boarding houses. The churches are as beautiful as any in the country. The town is not on the Sound, but access is had to it by Flushing Creek which forms a safe harbor for small sail-boats. There is a public park with a handsome fountain which is kept playing during the hot summer months, and a monument erected by the town to the memory of the volunteers

who fell in the war of the Rebellion. Its accessibility to New York makes it a popular place in which to spend the summer, and a great many New York business men live there the year round. It is lighted by electricity, has a first-class water plant and an excellent fire department, a public library and many fine educational institutions.

College Point is one and one-half miles from Flushing. The business part of the town is on a sort of a ridge and the residence district is on the northern slope overlooking the water. There are a number of very fine country residences here, and also a silk and rubber factory. In the vicinity of Whitestone are excursion resorts where Long Island clam bakes are the most attractive feature. Although an old town, Bayside has the appearance of being a comparatively new one. There are many beautiful residences, and no better roads for wheeling and driving can be found. The town is the center of one of the finest agricultural districts of the northern shore, the soil is very fertile, and farming is the chief industry of the permanent residents.

Little Neck Bay is a great resort for hunters and fishermen. Two fresh water trout ponds are near by so that the angler may have his choice between fresh and salt water fishing.

Douglaston is but a few minutes' ride from Bayside. Here the country becomes more hilly. It is a small town, and is the home in summer of a great many wealthy New Yorkers. The roads are excellent for driving, and the country residences are very fine—in many cases palatial—and surrounded by extensive grounds overlooking the bay. Little Neck is a small village adjoining.

Great Neck is the terminus of this branch of the road. It is fourteen miles from New York. The village immediately near the railroad is called Thomaston. The population of this part of Great Neck is largely made up of permanent residents who own their own homes and are for the most part business men in Brooklyn and New York. About a mile distant is located the village proper. The bluffs overlooking the water are high and commanding, and the tourist is treated to superb views of the water. Here ex-Mayor Grace of New York has a fine place known as Graceland. From Great Neck a number of exceedingly picturesque places are accessible including Port Washington, Manhasset and Sands Point.

The summer visitor, as he drives along the roads of this section, meets with surprises. It may be a tide mill which arouses



GRACELAND AT GREAT
NECK.

his curiosity or an ancient farm house which has sheltered many generations of tillers of the soil, but he is sure to find enough to keep him entertained in whatever direction he may drive.

Port Washington is a village in which many changes have taken place

during recent years, and there is a quaintness about it which visitors from the city are sure to appreciate. Near here, too, is a location to which has been given the name of "The Marine Graveyard" because of the fact that many noted vessels have been brought to it to be burned after they had outlived their days of usefulness.

Along the highways of this section great quantities of wild flowers abound. Some of these are very beautiful. No section of the country offers such advantages to the botanist as does this. There is a vast variety of flowers and plants growing in the fields and along the roads which well repay examination by the student. The time by railroad from Great Neck to New York is about thirty minutes, and there are a sufficient number of trains to afford

ample accommodations to summer sojourners. Abiding places may be found in the village and vicinity, and within a short distance of the great city the purest and most satisfactory of rural delights may be indulged in. At Sands Point magnificent displays of yachting craft can often be seen, and a view of the Sound when it is dotted o'er with these white wings is one never to be forgotten. The whole region through which the North Side Division runs is well worth exploration by those who are not yet familiar with it. Within its borders will be found villages which may be classed as suburbs of the great city, while others are almost as primitive as they were when stage coaches had not yet made way for the iron horse.





ROSLYN TO OYSTER BAY.

Travelers by the Oyster Bay branch of the railroad are treated to the two distinctive features of Long Island scenery. After leaving Jamaica they look out upon the level Hempstead plains, stretching out as far as the eye can reach, and then at Mineola the line turns sharply to the north and soon takes the traveler through a rolling country, where, in some cases, the elevations deserve the dignity of being termed hills. The extension of the road to Oyster Bay has afforded the searchers for inviting resting places during the summer a large number to choose from, and at the same time has opened up a region of country which cannot be excelled for romantic beauty. The principal points of attraction in this section are: Roslyn, Glen Head, Sea Cliff, Glen Cove, Locust Valley and Oyster Bay.

At Roslyn a foretaste is obtained of the hills which abound along the north shore, and which are a never-ending source of delight to the lovers of the picturesque. The village is in the valley, and possesses the attractions which visitors from the city most desire—refinement and comfort, and at the same time genuine rural flavor. The name of William Cullen Bryant is always associated with Roslyn, for here he made his country home for many years, and here he wrote some of the poems which have become famous the world over. Hempstead Harbor sets in from the Sound, giving to the village water privileges of great value. Summer visitors greatly enjoy the delightful quiet of the village

and surrounding country, the many attractive rides and unsurpassed boating facilities. There is a commanding hill at the back of the village, which is the highest elevation on Long Island. From this position magnificent views are obtained of the adjacent territory. The wide expanse of the Sound shimmers

in the summer sun, while the rolling country makes a panorama which is unexcelled anywhere on the island. Beyond



ROSLYN.

Roslyn is Glen Head, a picturesque and growing resort, and next is

Sea Cliff, which has been correctly named, for bold cliffs rise directly from the Sound, giving a boldness to the scenery which has made the place exceedingly popular as a summer resort. The bathing at Sea Cliff is excellent, while the walks and drives are most delightful. There is a fine growth of shade trees which afford abundant protection during midsummer, and the breezes from the water make the atmosphere agreeable during the entire season. This place was selected for a camp meeting site many years



ago, but like other interesting localities on Long Island this feature has given place entirely to the uses of a summer resort. Beside the advantages already named, the boating is excellent,



NEAR SEA CLIFF.

and a great number of pleasure craft hail from this point during the summer season. There are many good hotels and boarding places, and the number of cottages occupied by city people is constantly increasing.

Good roads lead to the village of Glen Cove, which has the appearance of a thriving town. There is a good deal of traffic in the main streets, while the manufactory of the Duryea Starch Company gives employment to a large number of hands. The Pratt estate is one of the largest in the village, comprising eight hundred acres, having a frontage on Long Island Sound and beautifully situated. Here is the Pratt mausoleum, containing the remains of the late Charles Pratt, who endeared himself to the residents of the village from the time he first located his country home there. He planned a model school building for the place, which was erected after his death by his sons, and was dedicated with impressive ceremonies on May 24th, 1893. The Agricultural Department of the Pratt Institute is located on the Pratt estate,



OYSTER BAY HARBOR—LOOKING FROM THE HILL.

and here young men are given practical instruction in agriculture. The estate of Hon. Charles A. Dana, known as Dosoris, adjoins the Pratt estate, and is known the world over for the remarkable collection of plants which it contains. Mr. Dana has laid the whole world under contribution, and has one of the largest collection of trees in existence. At Glen Cove and vicinity summer sojourners can enjoy refreshing breezes throughout the season, sail over the blue waters of the Sound to their hearts' content, drive over good roads through the picturesque country, and at the same time be within easy reach of the city, should necessity demand their presence there. All the resorts on this branch of the railroad are sufficiently near the metropolis to permit of going to business daily. Besides the boating, driving and bathing, there are plover and bay snipe for the gunner from July to December.

Just beyond Glen Cove is Locust Valley, which possesses many of the advantages for the summer visitor which pertain to the whole district along the Sound from Roslyn to Oyster Bay. From this point a good view of the Connecticut shore can be obtained. The Friends' Academy here is a noted educational institution, drawing its patrons from various parts of Long Island and other localities as well. It was endowed by Gideon Frost more than a century ago, but has renewed its youth

from time to time and is still vigorous. Locust Valley is in the center of a rich farming country, particularly noted for the production of asparagus, for which the soil seems to be peculiarly adapted. The drives in this section are inviting. There is also good fishing and sailing. The Downing Vacation House, for the benefit of working women, is located here, and a number of deserving persons are afforded a delightful outing every summer.

At Oyster Bay, the terminus of this branch of the road, the old and new meet in a most charming manner. There are several ancient landmarks, old dwellings, which remind the beholder of the early days of the settlement, and then there are the smart new places which mark the era which commenced with the extension of the road from Locust Valley. But what the summer traveler is most concerned about is the magnificent bay which renders this place an ideal summer resort. Here the Seawanhaka Yacht Club has its handsome club house, superbly located at the entrance to the bay. The village has many



SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.

attractions. Antiquarians will delight to trace out the history of the Quakers, and will find pleasure looking into the ancient history of the place. Prime, in his history of Long Island, states that several early attempts by the English to effect a settlement here were frustrated by the hostility of the Dutch, so that it was not until after the treaty of 1650 that any of these efforts were crowned with success. In 1653 a company of ten persons, principally from Sandwich, Mass., made a purchase of the Matinecock Indians, and commenced a settlement on the site of the present village. When George Fox, the Quaker preacher, visited this country in 1672, he hurried hither in order to be present at the "half-yearly meeting." No finer drives can be had about Long Island than in the region of Oyster Bay.





NORTHPORT.

THE PORT JEFFERSON BRANCH.

Sailing parties going out of Oyster Bay to the Sound get a good view of Cold Spring Harbor, stretched as it is about the shores of another bay or harbor, which takes the shape of an immense horseshoe. It is located on the Port Jefferson branch, which leaves the main line at Hicksville. The ride from the station to the village is about three miles in extent, and is most romantic and beautiful, passing three fresh water ponds which connect with each other and finally empty into the harbor just as the road reaches the main street of the village. This road in some places runs through a perfect arch of trees, and the shade, the singing birds, the view of the water, and the abundance of wild flowers, all unite to please the summer visitor.

Cold Spring Harbor was once the seat of extensive whale fisheries, and many relics of these by-gone days remain. These consist of the buildings where the oil barrels were made, the mills which manufactured cloth for the sailors, and the store where the ships were fitted out for their long voyages. One of the principal fish hatcheries of the State is located here, and millions of young fish, the product of this establishment, are annually planted in the waters of Long Island and in other parts of this State.

The Biological Laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute has recently become an important feature of life here during the

summer. This brings some of the most noted scholars of the country, who deliver lectures on various subjects in the biological course. This, with the large company of students, gives the village somewhat the air of a college town. Summer visitors have always found the place exceedingly attractive, and there have usually been more applicants for board than could be accommodated. Good roads invite driving and bicycling, and the routes lead through regions which are a constant delight to the visitor. One of these is to Lloyd's Neck,



which affords a number of most delightful water views and glimpses of rustic scenes. When the beautiful harbor and the Sound, with its blue waters are seen, the words of Moore are recalled where he says :

“There is not in the wide
world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom
the bright waters meet.”



COLD SPRING HARBOR.

A favorite drive from Cold Spring Harbor is to Huntington, which is the next stop on the railroad. This village is a bustling place with considerable traffic. It has a bank, large stores, a street railroad and other signs of thrift and prosperity. The natural attractions are many. There are a number of bold hills which line the harbor, and remind the traveler of Sea Cliff and Roslyn. There are abundant opportunities for sailing and other aquatic sports, and in the village and in many cozy nooks in the outskirts of the town summer visitors are welcomed. A memorial to Nathan Hale, the martyr spy of the Revolution, has been erected by the public spirited citizens of Huntington. It was upon the shore near by that Hale landed on his perilous journey to spy out the British camps and fortifications on the western end of Long Island, and to carry this information to Washington. Hale fulfilled his mission, and was just about to embark on his return journey to Connecticut, when he was recognized by a tory, and his true character reported to a British officer, who arrested him and took him to New York, where he was hung as a spy, dying in a most heroic manner, and leaving a name which is dear to the heart of every patriot. There is a public library erected as a memorial to the men who gave up their lives to their country during the war for the Union. The first purchase from the natives was made by Gov. Eaton of New Haven, in 1646, and consisted of the neck which is now known as Eaton's Neck, where a Government Life Saving Station is located, and which is a romantic and interesting spot. The Academy at Huntington is an excellent institution, drawing many of its patrons from a distance. The quaint old structure occupied by the First Presbyterian Church was erected in 1784. It is the successor of a church edifice which was built in 1715, used by the British as a barracks, and destroyed by them on their evacuation of the town. The first Presbyterian Society was organized in 1665. There are a number of beautiful places at Huntington which have been laid out at great expense by New York and Brooklyn men, and new tracts are constantly being taken up for improvement and sale for villa sites.

Centreport has the same advantages that belong to other localities along the Sound which have already been described. There are many summer sojourners who come back here year after year, and find no end of amusement in boating and fishing, and in driving along the well shaded roads which are to be found in every direction and afford many rural delights.

Here are to be found genuine country scenes which denizens of the city so much desire. About two miles south of Centreport is Greenlawn, which is not less inviting than its name would indicate. It possesses hospitable farm houses and boarding houses, where tired workers from the city, in search of rest and recreation, can find entertainment. The same feature of rolling country which are peculiar to the entire north shore, is maintained, and there are any number of attractive points within easy reach. Beyond Greenlawn is

Northport, which has one of the most beautiful harbors to be found anywhere on Long Island. It appears to the casual observer to have no outlet, but on more careful examination it is seen that the water sets in from Huntington Bay, the long sand spit formed by Eaton Neck guarding it well from the Sound and making it a secure haven. Years ago shipbuilding flourished here, and a number of trim craft were constructed which made records for themselves in the lines of trade as well as sporting. Vessels of considerable size have been launched here, and a number are still engaged in the coasting trade, while there is quite a number of vessels engaged in fishing, this occupation affording many residents of Long Island a livelihood.

Kings Park is next beyond Northport, which is more familiar under the name of St. Johnland. The place first became popularly known by reason of the noble work of Dr. Muhlenberg, who established here a number of philanthropic institutions which have had a wonderful success, and have been the means of doing an immense amount of good. No section of country within fifty miles of New York is so admirably adapted for the purposes which Dr. Muhlenberg had in view, for the scenery is enchanting, the air during the summer is cool and bracing, and all of the surroundings are calculated to be restorative in their effects. These considerations moved the authorities of Kings County to establish at this place a series of institutions for the treatment of the insane, and to expend a large sum of money in laying out and improving a tract of nine hundred and fifty acres, which has become known as the County Farm, and has recently been transferred to the State. For a long distance in this vicinity well cultivated farms abound, and hither come many persons in summer who long for a spot where the contrast will be as strong as possible with their environment in the city. Here they find it. This is the region



RASSAPAQUE CLUB HOUSE AT SMITHTOWN.

such as is often described as "genuine country" by those whose lives are spent in the crowded city.

The section of the island which includes Kings Park, Smithtown, St. James and Stony Brook, comprises a large amount of excellent farming land, and there are many summer guests who come here season after season for rest and recreation. Smithtown is the home of the Brooklyn Gun Club, with a preserve of seven hundred acres, owned by the club, and a very much larger tract, which is leased from the farmers for the uses of members of the organization. The tract owned by the club



THE OLD MILL AT SMITHTOWN.

includes the old Theodorus Smith homestead, of Revolutionary fame, which has been twice rebuilt—once some thirty-five years ago, and again when the property was purchased by the club. In front of this house are two trout ponds, covering about twelve acres. These ponds, which are really but links of the Smithtown River, are well stocked with trout, and afford no end of sport. In this vicinity is located the Rassapaque Club House. It overlooks the Nissequogue River, and is one of the best appointed club houses on the island. The next stop on the railroad is Setauket, which is fifty-five miles from New York. Here are to be found a great number of attractions, including quiet bays, inlets and sheets of water tempting to the bather

or those who desire a safe place for children to enjoy boating and fishing, and at the same time afford opportunities for the bolder sailors to exercise their skill as mariners when



occasion requires. Setauket is a watering place with which it is difficult to find any fault, and it is just about far enough away from the city to lead the summer sojourners to forget the things which have vexed

them, and thus leave their minds free to enjoy the rural scenes which abound on every side. A manufactory is located here which makes pneumatic bicycle tires and other rubber goods.

Port Jefferson, two miles beyond Setauket, is full of interest to all lovers of the quaint and peculiar. It has long been noted for its yards for the building and repairing of vessels, and as many as sixty yachts are laid up here for the winter, as the harbor is unsurpassed for safety anywhere on the coast. It has been found to be almost mathematically correct in its rectangularity, and the bay, which lies in front of the village, is almost



VIEWS ON THE SOUND SHORE, PORT JEFFERSON BRANCH.

perfectly landlocked. Two arms, or spits of land, reach out from either side, and leave only a narrow but deep channel into the harbor of Port Jefferson. Many noted yachts, pilot boats and even larger craft have been built here; and during more recent years the crews of yachts have been shipped here and trained in these waters preparatory to taking part in the great races. The bold hills, which have been previously alluded to as peculiar to the north shore, are found also at Port Jefferson, and they contribute largely to the beauty of the place. This locality was called Souwasset by the Indians and Drowned Meadow by the English. There is a population of about two thousand, a number of churches, several manufacturing establishments, well stocked stores, and other evidences of a prosperous community. A number of hotels and boarding houses offer entertainment to summer guests who visit this section.

Beyond Port Jefferson is Oldfield Point, which abounds in beautiful water views, Mount Sinai, Rocky Point, Woodville and other villages which have their peculiar charms, and Wading River, the new terminus of the road, a place of beauty, and having large possibilities for its future growth and development.



NEAR SETAUKET.

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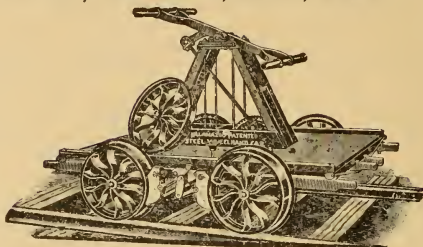
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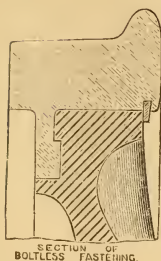
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